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PIPES IN ARRAS.

(April 1917.)

In the burgh toun of Arras
 When gloaming had come on,
 Fifty pipers played Retreat
 As if they had been one,
 And the Grande Place of Arras
 Hummed with the Highland drone!

Then to that ravaged burgh,
 Champed into dust and sand,
 Came with the pipers' playing,
 Out of their own loved land,
 Sea-sounds that moan for sorrow
 On a dispeopled strand.

There are in France no voices
 To speak of simple things,
 And tell how winds will whistle
 Through palaces of kings;
 Now came the truth to Arras
 In the chanter's warblings:

"O build in pride your towers,
 But think not they will last;
 The tall tower and the shealing
 Alike must meet the blast,
 And the world is strewn with shingle
 From dwellings of the past."

But to the Grande Place, Arras,
 Came, too, the hum of bees,
 That suck the sea-pink's sweetness
 From isles of the Hebrides,
 And in Iona fashion
 Homes mid old effigies:

"Our cells the monks demolished
 To make their mead of yore,
 And still though we be ravished
 Each Autumn of our store,
 While the sun lasts, and the flower,
 Tireless we'll gather more."

Up then and spake with twitt'ring
 Out of the chanter reed,
 Birds that each Spring to Appin
 Over the oceans speed,
 And in its ruined castles
 Make love again and breed.

"Already see our brothers
 Build in the tottering fane.

Though France should be a desert,
 While love and Spring remain,
 Men will come back to Arras,
 And build and weave again."

So played the pipes in Arras
 Their Gaelic symphony,
 Sweet with old wisdom gathered
 In isles of the Highland sea,
 And eastward towards Cambrai
 Roared the artillery.

Neil Munro.

Blackwood's Magazine.

PLUM BLOSSOMS.

One flower hath in itself the charms of
 two;
 Draw nearer and she breaks to wonders
 new.
 An you might call her beauty of the
 rose,
 She too is folded in a fleece of snows;
 An you might call her pale, she doth
 betray
 The blush of dawn beneath the eye of
 day.
 The lips of her the wine-cup hath
 caressed,
 The form of her that from some vision
 blest
 Starts with the rose of sleep all glowing
 bright
 Through limbs that ranged the dream-
 lands of the night.

The pencil falters and the song is
 naught,
 Her beauty, like the sun, dispels my
 thought.

From the Chinese, A.D. 1700.

LIFE AND DEATH.

If death should come with his cold,
 hasty kiss
 Along the trench or in the battle strife,
 I'll ask of death no greater boon than
 this:
 That it shall be as wonderful as life.

Carroll Carstairs.

The Poetry Review.

THE SUBMARINE MENACE.

As a weapon of naval warfare the submarine has come to stay, until superseded by a superior instrument of destruction. It only remains to determine whether its operations are to be restricted in any, and if so, in what respect, or whether it is to be invested with unlimited powers of offense and with exceptional privileges of immunity from attack. If the latter alternative be accepted, civilization will be confronted with the gravest menace to its existence. It would mean, in the first place, that every State would endeavor to be as self-contained as possible. In so far as this contributed to the full development of each State's natural resources, such a policy would be advantageous. But the fullest possible development of a State's natural resources forms a mere fragment of its whole trade and commerce. Few States could carry on, much less prosper, without entry into the world's markets. The mere possibility of unrestricted submarine warfare would compel every State to produce and to manufacture many articles for which its natural resources were totally inadequate, and where such resources were lacking, to provide substitutes. This policy, in its turn, would necessitate the creation of tariff walls—the adoption of the full-blooded "New Protection." For the consumer the inevitable sequence would be higher prices and inferior goods. For the producer, reduction in trade and less employment. For the State, reduced revenues and curtailed activities. To eke out a diminishing home trade the struggle for the control of trade routes would be renewed, and competition for exclusive spheres of influence in backward countries would be increased. As of old, international jealousies and in-

trigues would result in war, or preparedness for war, and all alike would be involved in the crushing burden of militarism.

It is urged, however, in some quarters that Great Powers with small navies or small maritime States will not willingly forego such a powerful commerce-destroyer as the submarine. It is urged, further, that even if by general assent its operations were curtailed, any rules limiting its use would be cast to the winds by a State fighting for its existence. The action of the Central Powers would appear to support both allegations. But it is too early to accept this as conclusive. The end is not yet determined. One after another neutrals are entering the field against them. Will the experience of Germany in creating a world-wide opposition encourage even a Great Power, much less a small maritime State, whatever its critical position, to adopt a similar practice? Not, I think, unless it succeeds.

It appears unnecessary here to prove the illegality of the German practice. It is agreed that unrestricted submarine warfare is contrary to the laws and usages of war. But it is essential to refute the German doctrine that since it is impossible for a submarine to conform to the obligations imposed upon a surface warship if it is to be an effective weapon of offense, it is therefore to be released from such obligations. Because it is a new weapon for which no rules have been made, it should not, runs the argument, be bound by rules made for a different class of vessel. New rules must therefore be made in order that it may fulfil its mission in accordance with the law. The same claim was made for torpedo-boats in view of their vulnerability. The true answer was

given by Admiral Bourgois: "The advent of the torpedo, whatever its influence on naval *matériel*, has in no way changed international treaties, the laws of nations, or the moral laws which govern the world. It has not given the belligerent the right of life and death over the peaceful citizens of the enemy State or of neutral States."

We are not here concerned with the use of forbidden weapons against combatants. There is no objection to the use of submarines against warships, but to its improper use against enemy non-combatants and neutrals. If new rules are to be made, they must be based upon legal principles. What, then, are the principles underlying the law of commerce destroying? By long-established usage merchantmen must submit to visit and search,* and it is incumbent upon a captor to bring in for adjudication his prize, whether enemy or neutral. The reason for this rule rests upon the principle that the subject of even an enemy should not be deprived of his property without due process of law. As Lord Stowell pointed out, justice demands that acts of war shall be open to public review, and that private property shall not be converted without the sentence of a competent court. For this purpose the property must be brought into the country of the captors.† To this general rule that a captured merchant vessel must be brought within the jurisdiction of the captor's prize court for adjudication, there are certain exceptions. It will be more convenient to deal with these separately.

The destruction of an enemy merchantman wholly belligerent—ship, cargo, crew, and passengers—forms the first exception. Juristic opinion, municipal regulations, and interna-

tional usage are all united in agreeing that under certain circumstances, such as the dangerous condition of the prize, the possibility that if released it might give assistance or information to the enemy, the inability to furnish a prize crew, the distance from a national port of the captor, the lack of provisions or water or the presence of disease, the prize may be sold, ransomed,* retained and used as a tender to the captor's ship, or destroyed. Thus, during the Anglo-American War of 1812, the United States instructed their naval officer to destroy all prizes which could not safely be sent in. In the American Civil War, Captain Semmes, of the *Alabama*, burned most of his captures, since the Confederate ports were blockaded and all neutral ports were closed to his prizes. In the Russo-Japanese War, a number of Japanese merchantmen were sunk by the Russians. Other illustrations might be given of this practice, but in no instance can the exception be said to have been more than an exception, much less to have eaten up the rule.

But in case of destruction, a rule has, until the present war, obtained universal acceptance from all civilized nations and has been observed in practice, to the effect that the crew and passengers on board, if any, must first be removed to a place of safety, together with the ship's papers, so that the necessary witnesses and documents may be sent to a national port, when the validity of the capture and destruction may be determined by a Prize Court. This rule also finds full recognition in the naval regulations of all maritime Powers. To cite only one, by the Naval Regulations of the German Empire, before the destruction of a prize, a German commander must "ensure the safety of

*This right was recognized as early as the twelfth century.

†*The Henric and Maria*, 4 Rob. 43.

*Ransom is forbidden by the British Prize Regulations.

persons on board and, as far as possible, of their effects, together with the ship's papers." The destruction of an enemy merchantman with the cargo wholly or partly neutral, and with the crew and passengers, if any, wholly or partly neutral, forms the second exception.

The old doctrine embodied in the *Consolato del mare*, that neutral goods on board enemy ships were immune from capture, was universally accepted in Western Europe up to and during the sixteenth century. From this period, however, a competing doctrine arose, crystallized in the phrase "Enemy's ships, enemy's goods." Great Britain and the United States became the exponents of the former, whilst France and Spain, with some relapses, upheld the latter. Russia was only consistent in her inconsistency, adopting whichever doctrine suited her character at the moment. Upon these conflicting doctrines a compromise was effected by the Declaration of Paris, 1856, whereby: "Neutral goods, with the exception of contraband of war, are not subject to capture under the enemy's flag." This provision has since been generally recognized as a rule of International Law.

Some States, it is true, still adhere to the doctrine, "Enemy's ships, enemy's goods." In such case the captor, in circumstances of grave necessity, is entitled to destroy the goods with the ship, and the neutral owner has no ground of complaint. But where this is not the case, neutral goods on board an enemy ship are immune from condemnation and must be forwarded by the captor to their destination on payment of freight. If, however, owing to the military operations of the captor they are unavoidably destroyed with the vessel, the practice varies. In the case of the *Ludwig* and the *Vorwärts*, which were

destroyed with neutral goods on board by the French in the war of 1870, the French Prize Court decided that, although by the Declaration of Paris such goods could not be confiscated, and that the neutral owner was entitled to restitution, or, in case of sale, to the purchase money, yet if destroyed as a justifiable act of war, all claim to indemnity was barred. This decision has been followed by the German Prize Court in the present war. On the other hand, compensation has been decreed by the British Prize Court to the neutral owners of innocent cargoes.

The better opinion would appear to be that the Declaration of Paris means what it says. If neutral goods cannot lawfully be captured, they ought not to be destroyed. Sir Walter Phillimore, indeed, goes so far as to assert that no parcel of cargo belonging to a neutral can be destroyed or injured except according to law.* If the cargo is innocent and it is impossible to remove it, the prize should be released. If the destruction of the ship is held to be justified by military necessity—which can always be called in aid by a belligerent in a hurry—full compensation with damages and costs for the goods destroyed should be at least granted.† Owing to the extension of the list of contraband articles, this point has lost much of its importance. The tendency during the last half century has been in the direction of widening the scope of the doctrine of contraband. Under the circumstances of the present war, in which the German Government took over the control of food supplies and raw materials, it became impossible for the Entente Powers to distinguish between those commodities which were formerly regarded as contraband—those articles which in Dr. Baty's phrase "smell of

*The Grotius Society. Vol. II., p. 176.
†Sir F. E. Smith: *Destruction of Merchant Ships*, p. 57.

war"—and those which indirectly assist the enemy in the prosecution of the war. Under the latter category almost every conceivable commodity may rightly be regarded as contraband, and is in fact so regarded by the British Government and its Allies.

The case, however, is far different if neutral crews and passengers be on board an enemy merchant vessel. They are present where they are entitled to be. "No nation," as Sir Walter Phillippe rightly declares, "has yet said that neutrals may not take passage on perhaps the only ships which can carry them home, or about on their lawful business."* If for reasons of *real* military necessity it is imperative to destroy the vessel, they are entitled at least to be carried to a port whence they may reach their destination. The high seas are free to the ships of all nations, whether neutral or belligerent, and neutrals have always been considered entitled to take passage on belligerent merchantmen without greater inconvenience than carriage to a belligerent port. The contention of the German Government that if a belligerent gives public notice that enemy merchantmen will be destroyed, the blood of neutral passengers will lie on their own heads, is puerile.

The destruction of neutral merchantmen forms the third exception to the general rule. Yet such destruction is not really an exception, since the right to destroy without restriction has never been generally recognized. It is only when a neutral ship identifies herself with the enemy that a right to destroy arises. And it is not every act of un-neutral service which will justify the destruction of a neutral vessel. A right to destroy neutral vessels and cargoes has, in fact, no existence in international law. If it is impossible to bring a neutral prize

within the jurisdiction of the captor's prize court, he must be released. The reason for this rule is that the property of the subjects of a neutral State is not divested by capture. Only by due process of law can it be transferred to the captor or to the captor's government. In the Anglo-American War of 1812, four merchantmen were destroyed by British cruisers. They were American ships and held British permits to trade, known as Sidmouth licenses. In the cases of the *Actæon* and the *Rufus*, Lord Stowell awarded full compensation with heavy damages and costs. In the case of the *William*, where the license was in doubt, he awarded mere restitution, and in the case of the *Felicity*, where the license was not produced to the captor until too late, indemnity was refused. It must be noted that these vessels were *enemy* ships. They were protected, however, by a British license which rendered it improper to treat them as enemy ships to be destroyed in case of necessity. But they were not *neutral* ships. There is not a single case on record in which a neutral ship has been destroyed by Great Britain. Neither so far as I know is there an instance of such a case of destruction by the United States or Japan. As long ago as 1905* I pointed out that the fact that Lord Stowell awarded compensation to some of the vessels destroyed did not prove the existence of *any right to destroy*. These cases only prove that if a protected or a neutral vessel is destroyed, the captor is liable not merely to make restitution, but also to pay a penalty in the shape of damages and costs, since he has committed an offense against international law. Some jurists, British and American, have represented these cases as precedents for the proposition that a cruiser may sink any vessel she pleases, provided she is prepared to

*The Grotius Society, Vol. II., p. 176.

**Law Times*, Vol. CXIX, p. 194.

pay the penalty. Neither Lord Stowell nor his successor, Dr. Lushington, ever said anything to justify such a conclusion.

On the contrary, "if a neutral ship or a protected ship," said Lord Stowell in the *Felicity*,* "is destroyed by a captor either wantonly or under an alleged necessity, in which she is not directly involved, the captor or his Government is answerable for the spoliation." Dr. Lushington, in the *Leucadé*,† laid down the general rule that it was the primary duty of the captor to bring in the prize for adjudication, and if this were impracticable, to release it. American Prize Courts acted upon the same principles. In the case of *Maisonnaire v. Keating*,‡ the vessel was American, sailing under a Sidmouth license carrying food for the enemy's forces. She had thus acquired a hostile character. Captured by a French cruiser, her master, upon threat of destruction, agreed to ransom. "The capture," said Story J., "was strictly legal, but the hostile character would not justify the destruction of the vessel and cargo on the high seas."

The old rule that a neutral merchantman must never be destroyed was first attacked by Russia in her naval instructions of 1869; by the United States in 1898; by Japan in 1904; and by Germany during the Naval Conference of 1908, which produced the Declaration of London. Naval instructions, however, do not constitute international law. By Article 21 of the Regulations of 1895 and Article 40 of the Instructions of 1901, Russian commanders were empowered to destroy their prizes, whether enemy or neutral, under such circumstances as bad condition or small value of the prize, risk of recapture, distance from Imperial ports

or their blockade, danger to the Russian cruiser or to the success of her operations. To meet Russia on equal terms, Japan very reluctantly revised her prize regulations in a similar manner. But whilst autocratic Russia at the beginning of the new century was the first Power in the history of naval warfare to destroy neutral vessels on the high seas, Japanese commanders were careful to refrain from such practices, and continued to denounce the new departure.

Two batches of ships were destroyed; the first in 1904 and the second in 1905. In the first were the *Tea*, *Hipsang*, and *Knight Commander*; in the second, the *Saint Kilda*, *Ikhona*, *Oldhamia*, and *Tetartos*. The *Tea* was a German ship, and full compensation was given by the Russian Prize Court. The *Hipsang* was sunk in true German fashion, by shell-fire and torpedo, at sight, without warning. No satisfaction was ever obtained in the Russian Prize Court. On the ground of carrying contraband (railway plant) the *Knight Commander* was blown up. Its destruction aroused great indignation in Great Britain. It was described by Lord Lansdowne as "a very serious breach of international law"; and by Mr. Balfour, as "entirely contrary to the practice of nations in war time"—which it was. Upon a strong remonstrance in this sense to the Russian Government, Count Lamsdorf promised that it should not occur again. Upon the sinking of the second batch, eleven months later, the Count declared that his former assurances held good and that the fresh cases were due to misunderstanding of the commanders on the spot and to the disorganization of the Russian naval forces in the Far East.

The question of destruction of neutral merchantmen came up for discussion at The Hague Conference of 1907. A solution was found im-

*2. Dods, 381 (1819).

†1. Spinks, 217 (1855).

‡2. Gall, 325 (1815).

possible. The Russian proposal to destroy where release would endanger the safety of the captor or the success of his operations, was supported by Germany and opposed by Great Britain, Japan, and the United States.* The proposal was based on the ground that a State without oversea ports was placed in a position of unjustifiable inferiority. The Italian delegate thereupon suggested that this difficulty would be met by giving belligerents the right to send their prizes into neutral ports. Article 23 of the Convention XIII, whereby a neutral Power *may* allow prizes to enter its ports, whether under convoy or not, when they are brought there to be sequestered pending the decision of a Prize Court, was carried by nine votes to two—Great Britain and Japan.

The question of destruction was reserved for the Naval Conference which met at London on December 4th, 1908. Opinion was again sharply divided, but a compromise was ultimately effected. The old rule was accepted in Article 48, whereby "a neutral vessel which has been captured may not be destroyed by the captor; she must be taken into such port as is proper for the determination there of all questions concerning the validity of the prize." By the succeeding Article 49 the rule is eaten up by the exception—"As an exception, a neutral vessel which has been captured and which would be liable to condemnation, may be destroyed if the observance of Article 48 would involve danger to the safety of the warship or to the success of the operations in which she is engaged at the time." Subsequent Articles provide for the safety of all persons on board and the ship's papers, and make it incumbent upon the captor "to establish that he only acted in the face of an exceptional

necessity."** As long ago as August, 1909, when criticising some provisions of the Declaration of London, I observed, "Article 49 is little less than the recognition of piracy."† In view of subsequent events, I see no reason to modify this observation.

"Exceptional necessity" means "military necessity." With this doctrine in force, the safeguards of the Declaration would seldom be effective in practice. The captor, as a rule, would find little difficulty in satisfying his own Prize Court of the existence of "exceptional necessity." Inability to furnish a prize crew would be one. That a neutral ship released might be a danger would be another. So elastic is this expression that the captor would, in fact, be the sole judge. Moreover, such a privilege confers upon a weak naval Power a strength which it would not otherwise possess. It would be relieved from all trouble in carrying in for adjudication, and by the destruction of the cargo and the dispersion of witnesses, the owners might find it impossible to establish their innocence. Even if the alleged safeguards were adequate, the deck of a warship can scarcely be described as a place of safety. Within a few hours the latter may be engaged by the enemy. To subject non-combatants of an *enemy* merchant ship to the risks of battle is bad enough, but to allow belligerents, in the name of military necessity, to subject *neutral* non-combatants, including women and children, to run risk of death and injury and to undergo the ordeal of a naval combat is a monstrous doctrine.

The admission of the doctrine of military necessity in the Declaration was a fatal mistake. It is under the plea of this doctrine that the German Government defends its submarine warfare. Such a defense would not, of course, be entertained by any

*The United States had withdrawn the Naval Code, 1904, in which destruction was permitted.

**The Declaration is now withdrawn.
†*Law Times*, August 7th, 1909.

international tribunal. In certain exceptional cases which are capable of judicial interpretation, the doctrine is admitted in international law. But as Professor Goudy has pointed out, it is in quite another sense that the doctrine of military necessity has been set up in the present war. "It has been used as palliating or even justifying positive breaches of international law. A belligerent State of its own authority and in disregard of custom, treaties, juristic opinion, and other international authority, has claimed the right to judge of the circumstances that constitute a military necessity."⁴

The announcement of unrestricted submarine warfare by Germany in February was based on the calculation that with 300 U-boats and 10,000 men, Great Britain would be knocked out, and the mainspring of the Entente offensive broken. Assuming that an effective antidote is not discovered, it will be within the resources of almost the smallest State in the future, by maintaining a fleet of a thousand or so submarines, to attack with impunity the strongest maritime Power, to hold up international commerce, and to threaten with starvation the whole world.

Four solutions of the problem are possible. First, the creation of a rule of immunity from capture at sea of all private property. In spite of all the advantages of this rule, which might be urged, in present circumstances it is doubtful whether the greater maritime Powers would even consent to entertain it. Secondly, the compromise contained in the Declaration of London, coupled possibly with the obligation thrown upon neutrals to admit belligerent prizes into their ports. I have already stated the objections to the compromise. There are also

serious objections to the corollary, such as embarrassment to the neutral. Thirdly, the maintenance of the old rule of non-destruction of neutral ships and of destruction of enemy ships only in exceptional circumstances, and after providing for the proper protection of crew and passengers and ship's papers. In this case also the right of carrying prizes into neutral ports might be conceded. And, lastly, recognition of unrestricted submarine warfare after the German model.

Since several States have gone to war rather than submit to the latter, and most of the others have officially protested against it, this last solution seems improbable. It is, however, possible. Whichever side wins, its militarists will be loathe to give up such a powerful weapon of offense.

It is also conceivable that small maritime States at present neutral may see in its recognition an infallible instrument of defense. The decision in this problem ultimately rests with public opinion. Some indications of its tendency have already been given. For instance, the "Grotius Society," on June 30th, 1915, declared that "Under no circumstances ought a neutral vessel to be destroyed unless engaged in un-neutral service." and that destruction of merchantmen, belligerent or neutral, by submarines should be prohibited. An American writer considers it "imperative to prohibit absolutely the use of submarines in commercial warfare."⁵ So, too, at the annual meeting of the American Society of International Law in April, 1916, Professor Minor came to the conclusion that "there must be no submarine warfare on commerce." It is also significant to find a Dutch writer maintaining that "the civilized nations will never justify such a destruction of human lives and

⁴*The War and International Law. Scientia, November, 1916, 385.*

⁵*Round Table, June, 1916, 528.*

goods, which, from a military point of view, is also ineffective."* When we remember that Norway has already lost one-third of her mercantile marine and some hundreds of her personnel, we may question whether small maritime powers will support recognition of the German method.

In the interests of humanity alone public opinion, if left to itself, would probably condemn this recognition. But there is a danger that the public may be persuaded by the specious arguments of the militarists against its better judgment. In order to meet such arguments it must be informed.

The Contemporary Review.

If, happily, the destruction of merchantmen is prohibited by international law, a sanction must be created. If a belligerent merchantman is destroyed, the captors should be regarded as war criminals, liable to be shot when captured; if a neutral is destroyed, the captors should be treated as pirates, liable to be hanged.

Piracy has been put down, and privateering has been abandoned, by the force of public opinion among civilized nations. Is it reasonable to expect that "unlimited U-boat war-fare" will meet with greater toleration?

Hugh H. L. Bellot.

THE CENTENARY OF JANE AUSTEN.

As a callow undergraduate I remember being roused out of an apathetic stupor while attending a lecture on the history of the English novel by these startling words on the subject of Jane Austen's readers: "Rabbits cannot be expected to take an interest or see anything humorous in the sight of other rabbits performing their ludicrous antics."

Was the reason that I had failed to appreciate the subtlety and charm of Jane Austen solely due to the fact that I was dull of mind and of as commonplace a character as some of the *dramatis personæ* of her works, and therefore unable to see the comic side of her delineation? I returned home determined to find out exactly where her power lay, what claims she really had to be called the feminine counterpart to Shakespeare.

I found that the mistake I had made was not entirely due to my own ineptitude, but that I had read her too fast. I had hurried over page after page in order to reach the story, to get the hang of the plot, to find

some exciting incident, for all the world as if I expected some lurid "film" drama. I had to revise my method of reading. I had to learn the hard lesson that Jane Austen was not "Aunt Jane" of the crinoline era moving stiffly in an artificial, circumscribed area, speaking correctly in an old-fashioned, effete, precise English, but a genial, kindly, yet caustic genius who wrote with her tongue in her cheek, and, like Chaucer, was not averse from pulling her readers' "legs" unless they exercised care. Instead of a "bookish blue-stocking" I found a woman with an almost uncanny depth of insight into human character, one who realized that although life was far more important than literature, yet the true novelist exercised the function of displaying the greatest powers of the mind, and that novels are works in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humor, are conveyed to the world in the best-chosen language.

In other words, I found that new,

**De Gids* December, 1915.

hitherto undreamed-of, vistas were being opened up to me, vistas which helped me to understand this complex, intricate tangle which we call the art of living. As a result of my re-reading I first felt a sense of shame at having allowed myself to be so blind to her greatness, and then a sense of mystery as to how a woman who lived so simple and secluded a life could ever have achieved so stupendous a task.

Here was a girl who only lived for forty-two years, the daughter of a country parson, who never went abroad, to London but rarely, whose greatest excitement was a visit to Bath or Lyme Regis, who may or may not have suffered disappointment in love, but certainly had no grand passion, who lived through the French Revolution, Waterloo, and Trafalgar and yet makes no mention of those stirring times, leaving behind her a sequence of novels which within their own limitations are unapproachably perfect. She lived for the most part in the depths of the country at a time when rural society was even more vacuous than it is today. Small-talk, knitting, filigree work, and backgammon occupied the leisure hours of her sex, while men shot and hunted in moderation, but were always ready to accompany the ladies on their shopping excursions or to a local dance.

This is the life that Jane Austen set out to describe, knowing no other. That she succeeded in imbuing this with eternal interest makes one wistfully regret that she had not Fanny Burney's chances of mixing with the great men and women of her time, and yet . . . we have her own word for it that she could not have undertaken to deal with any other type of men and women than those among whom her lot was cast.

I could no more write a romance than an epic poem. I could not sit down seriously to write a serious

romance under any other motive than to save my life; and if it were indispensable for me to keep it up and never relax into laughing at myself and other people, I am sure I should be hung before I had finished the first chapter.

When the Prince Regent's librarian suggested that she should delineate the habits of life of a clergyman, she replied:

The comic part of the character I might be equal to, but not the good, the enthusiastic, the literary. Such a man's conversation must at times be on subjects of science—philosophy, of which I know nothing; or at least be occasionally abundant in quotations and allusions which a woman, who, like me, knows only her mother tongue, and has read little in that, would be totally without the power of giving. A classical education, or at any rate a very extensive acquaintance with English literature, ancient and modern, appears to me quite indispensable for the person who would do any justice to your clergyman; and I think I may boast myself to be, with all possible vanity, the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress.

It is not surprising in the light of this to find that she has nothing in common with a great moral teacher like Dostoievsky; her religion never obtrudes itself into her writings; she had no formal gospel to propagate.

She was neither Pantheist, Monotheist, Agnostic, nor Transcendentalist; that she hated Evangelicalism while recognizing its good points we know. Heartlessness is the only crime that she finds it in her heart to condemn unsparingly.

We do not go to Jane Austen for descriptions of natural beauty; she has neither Hardy's nor Wordsworth's passion for scenery; she does not use hedgerow delights nor grim mountain

peaks as a background for her characters, any more than she treats of man in his relation to his environment. In other words, she has no poetry; she avoids the heroic, the romantic, and the ideal.

She does not prove the human soul for motives, nor does she seek to illuminate or display them as later novelists have done; as Mr. Warre Cornish says, she has no need to construct her characters, for they are there before her, like Mozart's music, only waiting to be written down.

She does not use her narrative power as Fielding did to tell a story and create situations, but simply as a means to an end, the unfolding of character. That is, she belongs to the school of Richardson rather than to any other of her predecessors, the school which has received such an impetus in our own day in the work of Arnold Bennett.

She paints in every detail with meticulous care; with the true artistic temperament she refuses to pass any tendency to the slovenly, but with deliberation and exactitude sketches in every trait which will help to make the portrait lifelike.

Like all geniuses she recognized both where her true *métier* lay and how she achieved her self-imposed task. Everyone remembers her phrase about "the little bit (two inches wide) of ivory on which I work with so fine a brush as produces little effect after much labor."

Her pellucid vision gave her two eminent characteristics which at first sight would seem to be contradictory: her capability for seeing through all pretentiousness led her to denounce all false romanticism, as we see in her counterblast to *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. *Northanger Abbey* gave the death-blow to the hysteria caused by Mrs. Ann Radcliffe; her irony seems almost at times to descend to acerbity

. . . and yet at the same time her collateral sense of humor made her kindly disposed and magnanimous in her sympathies to creatures whom other artists would have condemned without mercy. That is, she seems to combine, as Andrew Lang said, gentleness with a certain hardness of heart, which are difficult to reconcile until we have made a close study of her methods.

No greater mistake could possibly be made than to imagine her as a soured old maid, though the bust erected to her memory in the Pump Room at Bath goes a long way to give that impression.

On the contrary, she was distinctly pretty, sunny natured, gay even to frivolity, an accomplished conversationalist, a singer and a musician, possessed of a natural aptitude for and skill in games, extraordinarily well-balanced and sane in her outlook . . . an ideal wife, one would suppose, for any cultured man of the world. It is only by understanding these facts about her that we realize the meaning of what Professor Saintsbury calls the "livingness" of her work. She writes as one who has, as Lady Ritchie puts it, "a natural genius for life." That she enjoyed her forty-two years to the full we cannot doubt. She was no Shelley, a genius of moods, alternately in heaven or hell; she pursued an even path of placidity and content, not troubling herself overmuch with the perplexities that obsess the mind of the social reformer, nor harassed with religious doubts.

Suffering does not make her suicidal, nor has she any of that divine discontent which we usually associate with our best writers. How many of our famous men of letters were able to work in the midst of domestic interruption and make no sign of impatience? It is a small point, but quite an illuminating one.

She had no private study. As she worked with the others in the common sitting-room she would sometimes burst out laughing, go to her desk and write something down, and then go back to her work again and say nothing.

It is worthy of notice that her geniality was not of that vapid sort that proceeds from ignorance or wilful blindness to human fatuity and vice, that sings to the shallow, optimistic tune that "all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds." It is to her everlasting credit that although she was under no delusions as to the state of humanity, she neither condemned it nor sneered at it; she had nothing of the cynic in her temperament. There have, of course, been critics who have appended that libelous label to her, but they belong to the same category which stigmatizes Thackeray and Swift as possessing the same trait. How anyone with her genius for laughter and affection, her interest in mankind or her clear-sightedness could be accused of cynicism, which is a property of the owl and bat and donkey in humanity, I do not understand. She is a master of irony and satire, it is true; but these are incompatible with misanthropy, the touchstone of cynicism; of this she had not a trace. She is not of those who were disillusioned by the fever and the weariness and the fret of life. She was no pessimistic Teuton philosopher; she was too busy taking notes on the people with whom she came into contact to spend time in moralizing. She was essentially of a happy nature, and kept a strong curb on her emotions; that she felt deeply is probable, that she ever gave full vent to her feelings we instinctively know to be untrue. Her love tragedy, if she had one, was not allowed to spoil her life; she may very well have passed through the depths, but she

emerged from the conflict victorious, having battered down the forces of darkness, and continued to irradiate sweetness and light in her books and her life.

Other authors might easily have been discomfited by the reception given to their work by publishers if a first manuscript had been rejected by return of post as hers was in the case of *Pride and Prejudice*. Not so Jane Austen; she continued to write until almost the day of her death, sure of the verdict of posterity, the only judgment upon which genius really relies. She knew that her appeal was universal and not liable to grow dim with the passage of years. Her satire and humor are as fresh today as ever they were, and as an antidote to the horrors of our time no other author can compare with her.

II.

We commonly find that if we want to test the truth about an author, a perusal of his or her correspondence is of the greatest value to enable us to decide how far the judgments we have formed from their serious work are accurate. In their letters we take them off their guard; they are in undress, no longer the mouthpieces of divine inspiration, but flesh and blood like ourselves.

Jane Austen's almost racy letters to her sister shed a flood of light on her character and help us still further to dot the "i's" and cross the "t's" of criticism.

They are for the most part compositions of a quite light and trivial nature, dwelling on topics such as might interest any country-bred girl. Dress looms large, and so does small-talk about the everyday round of work and amusement, people met, dances, and the like. But all through them we see the same shrewd, Puck-like spirit darting hither and thither, we

hear the silvery laughter of the girl who painted Mr. Collins and Mrs. Jennings; they are obviously written by a girl who cannot help seeing the funny side of everything, who is vividly interested in people and their idiosyncrasies; the deeper things in life are not discussed, not because she was shallow, but because there are some things which language is incapable of expressing, where silence is the only true speech. Those traces of bitterness which occasionally disturb us in her novels appear again here.

"Only think of Mrs. Holder being dead! Poor woman, she has done the only thing in the world she could possibly do to make one cease to abuse her," may stand as a typical example out of many; but no one could contend that such phrases are deliberately cynical; at the worst they are but thoughtless witticisms, and really hurt no one. Jane Austen was entirely devoid of malice. She suffered fools more or less gladly; she would try the barb of irony to laugh them out of their folly, but they were not like those others, at the opposite end of the scale, "pictures of perfection," which she confesses made her sick and wicked.

The puzzle is that so highly gifted and all-seeing a genius should have adopted such a detached, tolerant attitude towards humanity. There have been many who have found fault with her for not waxing indignant at the follies of society. These assert that she has no moral sense, but surely to instil into us the necessity for mutual tolerance and unfailing humor in our dealings with our neighbors is in itself a moral act of the highest order.

The first thing that strikes anyone who has tried reading Jane Austen's novels aloud is the dramatic power displayed in the conversations. No novelist ever made his or her charac-

ters express themselves so simply or forcibly in their parts as she does. It would seem that we have lost in her one of our greatest playwrights. The unfolding of character in dialogue has not been better done by any of our dramatists, and has certainly not been approached by any other novelist. No novels make so immediate an appeal when declaimed as hers do. Even youthful audiences who are popularly supposed to be incapable of appreciating the subtlety of her wit are quickly entranced.

Think for a moment of that famous second chapter in *Sense and Sensibility*, where Mr. John Dashwood is converted by his wife with regard to his ideas as to their duty to his widowed sister and her daughters. It is conceived and executed with an exactness of phrase and economy of words that irresistibly calls to mind that parallel scene in *King Lear* where the old man is deprived of his retinue.

With what deft strokes are we shown the whole of a person's character in one short, ironic sentence.

Mrs. Jennings was a widow, with an ample jointure. She had only two daughters, both of whom she had lived to see respectably married, and she had now, therefore, nothing to do but to marry all the rest of the world.

The vulgarity of the Steele family is shown in their use of "prodigious," "vast," "beau," and the like words, in their notorious letters omitting the personal pronoun; we recognize the type at once. That is the secret of Jane Austen's power: she has seized upon the salient, ineradicable characteristics of the type which is always with us; the unstable lover, the gossiping, scandal-mongering old dame, the young impressionable girl who could not bear the thought of her sister marrying a man with so little "sensibility" that he could not read

the poets with understanding or fire, the staunch, sound, unselfish heroine who bears her own tragedy without any outward sign, but spends herself in sympathizing with weaker natures in their misfortunes; the pedant, the snob, the haughty, the supercilious, the impertinent . . . all are here drawn with unerring accuracy.

I know nothing in our literature to compare with the concluding paragraphs of *Sense and Sensibility*. Ninety-nine out of every hundred authors would have made Marianne a tragic heroine, but Jane Austen realized that she was not great enough for that; she was audacious enough to risk an anti-climax in order to secure verisimilitude.

Marianne Dashwood was born to an extraordinary fate. She was born to discover the falsehood of her own opinions, and to counteract by her conduct her most favorite maxims. She was born to overcome an affection formed so late in life as at seventeen, and with no sentiment superior to strong esteem and lively friendship, voluntarily to give her hand to another! —and that other a man who had suffered no less than herself, under the event of a former attachment, whom, two years before, she had considered too old to be married, and who still sought the constitutional safeguard of a flannel waistcoat!

As for the villain, Willoughby, we read that "he lived to exert, and frequently to enjoy himself. His wife was not always out of humor, nor his home always uncomfortable; and in his breed of horses and dogs he found no inconsiderable degree of domestic felicity."

The opening sentences of *Pride and Prejudice* might almost be taken as a test of our ability to appreciate Jane Austen. She has a knack of beginning in an exhilarating, startling way on most occasions, but it may well be

doubted whether any novel starts quite so happily as this:

"It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife"—after which delightful touch of irony we are immediately introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, who proceed to squabble over their daughters' chances of securing the rich young stranger's hand and purse in a dialogue which touches the top note of humor.

Elizabeth Bennet is Jane Austen's as she is nearly everyone else's favorite heroine.

"I must confess," she writes to her sister, "that I think her as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print." On her Jane Austen has lavished the best of her own inimitable humor, high spirits, gaiety, and courage, so that she takes high place among the great women in fiction, and becomes no mean companion for even Clara Middleton or Clarissa Harlowe.

The alternate attraction for and repulsion from Darcy which Elizabeth felt is drawn with the sure hand of the great creator; and then, while we are still absolutely absorbed in the swaying fortunes of the principals, there quietly creeps upon the scene one of the most famous characters in comedy, Mr. Collins. His interview with Elizabeth when he formally proposes to her is in Jane Austen's richest and happiest style. So long as humor lasts that chapter cannot fail to bring joy to the human heart. It is as universal in its appeal as the "Bottom" scenes in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Bottom was, after all, only Mr. Collins in one stage of society as Dogberry was in another) or the Falstaff episodes at Gads Hill and Eastcheap.

Lady Catherine de Bourgh, who "if she accepted any refreshments seemed to do it only for the sake of finding out that Mrs. Collins's joints of meat were too large for her family," is

another character over whom the Comic Spirit sheds its harmless but mirth-provoking rays. The whole novel abounds in rich personalities without whom the world would be the poorer, but we are most of all concerned with the happiness of Elizabeth, who, like others of Jane Austen's heroines, finds that true love which is all-powerful can spring from "the cold fountain of gratitude no less than from the volcano of passion." Jane Austen's lovers are remarkably free from passion.

After *Pride and Prejudice*, in popular estimation, comes *Mansfield Park*. Tennyson, for one, preferred the latter, but the general run of readers know their *Pride and Prejudice* well and *Mansfield Park* not at all. There is, of course, more emotion and drama in the earlier of the two, but *Mansfield Park* is freer from exaggeration and contains the never-to-be-forgotten impertinent and meddlesome Mrs. Norris. In no novel do we so quickly pick up the thread of the plot; by the third page, as Mr. Cornish says, we are quite at home, know everybody, and even begin to look forward to the final event.

After the ill-natured Mrs. Norris, who will not take Fanny Price because "I should not have a bed to give her, for I must keep a spare room for a friend," Jane Austen probably hated her sister, Lady Bertram, more than most of her other odious characters.

She was a woman who spent her days in sitting nicely dressed on a sofa, doing some long pieces of needlework, of little use and no beauty, thinking more of her pug than her children, but very indulgent to the latter when it did not put herself to inconvenience.

In this novel we see strongly brought out a trait that is particularly noticeable in all Jane Austen's novels, the mutual confidence and sincerity of feeling displayed between brother and

sister: she never tires of emphasizing this side of life.

Emma is the most consistently cheerful of all the novels. E. V. Lucas considers it to be her best, her ripest, and her richest, the most "readable-again" book in the world. Comedy reigns supreme with never the vestige of a cloud to spoil the serenity and the joy. No one is very wealthy or very poor: the whole action takes place in the village of Highbury among a set of people who meet daily. The gradual dawn and growth of love between Knightley and Emma, who makes matches for everyone but herself, is uncannily well brought home to the reader, and their final love-scene is one of the happiest in literature. The vulgar and patronizing Mrs. Elton and talkative Miss Bates are a joy forever, particularly the latter, who, though "neither young, handsome, rich, nor married, without beauty and cleverness, was yet happy and contented. She loved everybody, thought herself a most fortunate creature and surrounded with blessings."

Northanger Abbey is most interesting because of its historical value as an attack on the artificial school of romanticism which was so popular among young girls of that time. Catherine Morland's discovery of the roll of paper which she is convinced are love-letters is one of the most successfully satiric studies in the whole range of Jane Austen's work.

Darkness impenetrable and immovable filled the room. A violent gust of wind, rising with sudden fury, added fresh horror to the moment. . . . Human nature could support no more. . . . Groping her way to the bed, she jumped hastily in, and sought some suspension of agony by creeping far underneath the clothes. . . . The storm still raged. . . . Hour after hour passed away, and the wearied Catherine had heard three proclaimed

by all the clocks in the house before the tempest subsided and she unknowingly fell fast asleep. She was awakened the next morning at eight o'clock by the housemaid's opening her window-shutter. She flew to the mysterious manuscript. If the evidence of sight might be trusted, she held a washing-bill in her hand.

No longer could the Catherine Morlands dare to put any faith in *The Castle of Otranto* or *The Mysteries of Udolpho* style of literature. By this one blow did Jane Austen clear the ground for the manly, healthy, historical romance of Scott and disperse the whole gang of foolish frighteners of youth who filled the minds of young girls with unimaginable horrors and sentimental tomfoolery.

Persuasion, the last of her novels, begins with as famous a sentence as that which I quoted from *Pride and Prejudice*, describing the joy which Sir Walter Elliot took in "the Snob's Bible," the Baronetage, and is famous for the fact that it contains about the only memorable incident recorded in any of her work: the accident that befell Louisa Musgrove on the Cobb at Lyme Regis. Here, too, occurs one of those rare descriptions of natural scenery of which, as a rule, Jane Austen is so sparing. She shows that she could observe when she wished inanimate objects in Nature with as acute an eye as she usually brought to bear on humanity. It was only that her fellowmen interested her more than Nature did. She watches them lynx-eyed, and, as her biographer says, "she never drops a stitch. The reason is not so much that she took infinite trouble, though no doubt she did, as that everything was actual to her, as in his larger historical manner everything was actual to Macaulay."

In all her gallery, as Macaulay noticed, she left scarcely a single

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caricature, and it is in this that Jane Austen approaches most nearly to the manner of Shakespeare. To be humorous, it has often been pointed out, it is necessary to exaggerate abundantly. Jane Austen has gone a long way to refute what else might seem an irrefutable argument.

Scott and Tennyson both spoke of her work in glowing terms, and from their day to this she has had no detractors among the greatest critics (with the sole exception of Charlotte Brontë), but only increased the circle of her readers.

Her plots, like Shakespeare's, were not in a high degree original or ingenious, her work is almost devoid of incident: she repeats not only her situations, but in a lesser degree her characters.

But, as G. K. Chesterton says, no other woman has been able to capture the complete common sense of Jane Austen. She knew what she knew, like a sound dogmatist; she did not know what she did not know, like a sound agnostic: she knew more about men than most women, and that in spite of the fact that she is commonly supposed to have been protected from truth. If that was so, it was precious little of truth that was protected from her. When Darcy says, "I have been a selfish being all my life in practice though not in theory," he approaches the complete confession of the intelligent male.

Womanly foibles have never before been so mercilessly exposed; compared with her astringent tonic properties, the satire of Addison or Steele is as barley water is to ammonia. Her pen has the point of a stencil and the sharpness of a razor-edge: there is nothing in her work of the vague or the shadowy; every character stands out like a cameo, every sentence was true to the ordinary speech of her day, and yet possesses that unfathom-

able universal quality which makes it ring as fresh and as true after a hundred years as it did on the day when it was first written.

The Fortnightly Review.

S. P. B. Mais.

CHRISTINA'S SON.

BY W. M. LETTS.

CHAPTER VI.

When the mosaic of daily life is in the making, the pattern is not apparent. It is afterwards that this pattern is seen to have changed day by day.

Many small things happened that summer in the little round of tennis parties and picnics. Rosa's conscience was still active, and where she could include Lucilla in the festivities it was done. But Christina did not happen to meet the girl. She had not the strength or the spirit for great exertion, and she had the constant fear of spoiling or limiting her children's gaieties.

She found her own pleasure in a dozen small occupations in her house and garden; a leisurely walk in the sunshine; a rest on the sofa with a book, a chat with one of her contemporaries, these were Christina's chief enjoyments.

She was deeply occupied in Rosa's trousseau. Her brother Edmund, always her favorite brother, had shown himself generous. He had arrived one morning in cheerful congratulatory mood.

To Edmund marriage was the one and only object of a woman's life, and he congratulated Rosa accordingly.

Edmund, stout, prosperous and well clad, was a pleasant figure. Christina felt a warm glow of pleasure in him as he sat in her little drawing-room.

"A very good match," he repeated for the tenth time; "she's a good little girl to be sensible. You'll miss her? Of course you will, my dear girl. But we parents can't

think of ourselves, can we? There'll be the visits home to Granny, eh?"

Edmund patted her knee and gave a chuckle. "I wouldn't say that before her, of course. But between ourselves, well, well, they never expect that development, do they? But you'll like to be a grandmother, Christina. It keeps up one's interest in the world, doesn't it? Keeps one young . . . yes, yes. Now there's her trousseau, my dear. See what you can do with a hundred pounds. Yes—of course you'll take it from me. There, there!"

Edmund was benign. He inquired after Laurence, whom he distrusted not a little. He suspected Laurence of dangerous inconvenient things called "notions." He had never liked the boy, but he was at pains to conceal this from Christina, who, of course, knew it by instinct.

"I hope *he* has no thoughts of marriage yet," said Edmund; "hard work is what he should think of."

Christina made her little boasts proudly. Mr. Marshall, one of the partners, had spoken very highly of Laurence. It was likely that he might get a rise if young Mr. Jeffers went to America, as he proposed to do, and then Laurence could marry if he wished. The mother felt piqued by the indifference of the uncle. She upheld early marriages for young men.

"Besides, he'll be thirty soon, and it's natural for a man to want to settle down in his own home."

"But what would *you* do?" Edmund asked.

"Oh! I should be all right."

Christina had made the same answer since first her babies had drawn her thoughts from self. Somehow she would be all right if only their happiness were assured.

"Time enough if he marries at thirty-five," said Edmund; "hard work never kills a man."

"He's delicate."

"Only sons always are, my dear girl."

Christina was silent. She was fond of Edmund but he had never understood Laurence.

Another day had its bearings on the pattern of things. It was a hot August Sunday and Rosa, a little out of temper, walked with her mother to church.

"I don't see why Laurence shouldn't come," she said; "why are men never to do anything disagreeable? Women take it as a matter of course that they'll go to church even if it is hot, and if the sermon is certain to be dull. Yes, I blame the system, mother."

"What system, dear?"

"The old Victorian system that ordained that men must never be asked to do anything tiresome. Why should men never be bored? Women are suffering bores gladly all day long. Do I ever interrupt Mr. Ingleby when he's talking about things I don't understand? No, I listen smiling. But you wouldn't catch Laurence listening to a Mrs. Ingleby in the same way."

"That's just life," answered Christina vaguely.

"But it shouldn't be. If ever I have sons I'll bring them up to a different system."

Christina smiled but said nothing. She never argued with Rosa: perhaps she still thought of her as a child. Besides she was very hot and tired.

Rosa had not received an expected letter from Jack Brown that morning, and her attitude towards life was a little out of focus.

"Mother, Laurence really ought to be warned about Lucilla."

"Warned? What do you mean?"

"I mean they're being talked about. Oh! yes, the Wallers and the Nesbits were joking about it. Mr. Nesbit said he hoped Laurence wouldn't burn his fingers. I have tried to be decent to Lucilla this summer, but personally I think she's impossible. But Laurence is forever championing her, and then there was that dreadful affair of the picnic."

"What affair?"

"That picnic to Matlock Bath. Laurence and Lucilla got separated from the rest. He says he never meant to, so of course he didn't, but I believe Lucilla did."

"Rosa! we must be just."

"Yes, but I know her, mother. She hurt her foot, or pretended she did, and they both missed the others, and the train, and had to come on by a much later one. Of course people thought they did it on purpose."

"I never heard all that, Rosa."

"No, we didn't want you to be bothered; we never do. But really Laurence ought to be careful, if it's only for Lucilla's sake. Of course he doesn't mean to marry her, so he shouldn't get her talked about."

Christina's thoughts that morning in church wandered far from the General Confession and Absolution, and, later, from the Litany.

She thought with a deep regret of Hermione, who was even now in the novitiate at the Sisterhood in Westhampton. She had gone to the ceremony of Hermione's clothing as a novice with a feeling akin to repulsion. This deliberate initiation into a hard and self-sacrificing life was repulsive to her. It did not occur to her that a girl's betrothal is akin to it and an augury too of renunciation and trial.

But she had come away soothed and uplifted. The ceremony had

seemed so normal, so peaceful. Hermione's happy face under her white veil had been reassuring too. There seemed comfort in the fact that this life of prayer and effort and special consecration was entwined in the life of the town. Its austere happiness seemed to testify to the reality of that supernatural region which is so vague and unbelievable even to virtuous matrons like Christina. She apprehended that day the reality of religion, but she realized, as she looked at Hermione, that it was yet outside her own life. She had little beyond an ethical sense and an inherited code of piety.

Then her thoughts wandered to her son, and to Lucilla. Should she warn him, or should she be wise and forbear?

That evening her chance for decision occurred in the garden. She had gone out to water the parched sweet peas, and Laurence joined her. She was conscious, as she had been for some time, of a vague restraint between them. They were both inclined to talk eagerly of trivial matters, as if to cover up some subject of which each thought constantly.

Christina, tending her flowers, showed no signs of moral combat, but yet the decision to warn her son cost her troubled heart-beats, and a strong effort. The effort made her manner abrupt, and not quite natural.

"Dear," she said, "sometimes chivalry leads a man . . . and a woman too into false positions. One's got to be careful."

Laurence's face set into hard lines. Before he answered he walked to the wall and looked into the Brown's garden. There was no pitcher either of long or short ears to hear him, so he came back to the sweet pea hedge.

"Now, mother, what does that mean exactly?"

Christina's heart failed her. Laurence's voice was cold, and he looked

at her unsmilingly. He seemed not her son, but some alien severe man who resented her interference. "I mean," she said hesitating, "that it is rather dangerous for a man to befriend a woman."

"So I perceive," he said bitterly.

"Oh! my dear, I know how you've meant it, but people don't understand and they talk . . . and that's not good for a girl."

"Exactly! Mrs. Grundy is a model of British charity, isn't she?"

"No, dear, she's not charitable, but she has her uses, and at my age one sees it."

"When one gets old one accepts conventions more readily I suppose," said Laurence; "it's not worth fighting. But to come to facts, you mean that . . . that Lucilla Brown is being talked about, and that I'm the cause?"

"Yes. Unfortunately, poor girl, her history makes her likely to be criticised the more. I don't mean that you shouldn't be nice to her, dear, I know your motives, but . . ."

"But a lot of cats are wagging their whiskers at us? Who are they? One never runs these stories to earth. I suppose this picnic story is going the rounds?"

"I don't know."

"I know it is. Oh! it's hateful. They drive people into false positions. Do you consider I've . . . that I've compromised Lucilla over that train business?"

"No, dear, of course not," Christina answered hastily, "things like that die out soon. New stories go round, old ones are forgotten. No, of course no one thinks any real harm of either of you. It was only a word of caution, dear."

"I see."

Laurence looked sternly before him.

"Thank you," he added doubtfully. "I know you meant it kindly."

Christina had an anxious night.

She often slept badly, and the sense that she had spoken rashly troubled her thoughts.

But the next day brought startling news not surprising to the world that knew him. Mr. Warwick Brown had, in his capacity as stock-broker, been speculating with trust money, and he had lost both money and honor so heavily that an immediate journey across the Atlantic was imperative. For the second time his name was the cause of scandal in Westhampton. The town was full of it. Christina and Rosa, as they took their afternoon tea, talked of it together,

"Well!" said Rosa, "that'll be an end of the Warwick Browns, for of course they'll go. They've relations in Jamaica, quadroons you may be sure. I shall be glad to see the last of them. I wouldn't trust Laurence not to make a fool of himself. Lucilla is pretty and . . . oh! yes, she makes us all look dull and dowdy, I know it; perhaps it's jealousy that makes me dislike her."

"Perhaps it is, dear. One has horrid subconscious reasons for things. But . . . yes, I *shall* be glad when they go, Rosa. They're dangerous sort of people. I don't know poor Lucilla, indeed, I pity the girl, but somehow I'm afraid of her. Laurence has a future—I believe it—with the right wife and a good chance. He is clever. They all say so at the office. But he's erratic too. If he gets a chance to plan a cathedral he may do wonders."

Rosa sighed and went on with her sewing. She was making toilet covers for her Canadian home. Already she felt matronly and responsible, and, perhaps, a little patronizing to the unmarried and disengaged community.

"Laurence is young for his age," she said. "He's easily influenced. It'll be far better when Lucilla goes. Out of sight, out of mind."

"Yes," Christina agreed, and she

sighed with pity for the fever that is youth.

The two women felt tranquilly domesticated as they took their tea. The French window into the garden was open. The afternoon sun shone kindly on the silver teapot and sugar bowl. Theresa had made a ginger cake, and it showed a generous angular hole where Rosa had cut it. This seemed one of those moments when life is so tranquil that one expects it to continue thus till eternity. Change seems remote, and action an affair of fiction and the newspaper. Christina had, at such moments, the habit of inarticulate thanksgiving. Like many women she never trusted her happiness.

At the close of the moment there came a man's step on the flagged path and the small rattle of the latchkey. Christina's face grew bright as it had done for a man's return home on most evenings of her life.

"That's Laurence," she said; "the tea is hot still, and he'll like the cake."

Laurence came in. He squeezed round the table and kissed his mother according to invariable custom.

"Well, darling, I'm sure you're hot," said Christina. "You're out early today."

"Yes, I got leave."

Laurence stood with his back to the wall, his face flushed and a little defiant.

"Mother, I've news for you . . . and for Rosa, too. You'd better hear it now."

The two women were silent, watching his face. Rosa with her cake poised between mouth and plate, Christina with her hand on the teapot handle.

"It's this," Laurence blurted out, "I proposed to Lucilla Brown an hour ago and she accepted me."

Rosa said "Oh!" and then bit her cake.

Christina flushed to the roots of her gray hair.

"Well, dear, I congratulate you then. May you both be happy. You will bring me a dear daughter, I know."

Laurence's eyes filled with tears. His lip quivered and he bit it to steady it. These family crises are always a little bit ludicrous. Neither heart nor face conforms to high drama. He went to his mother and hid his face in her neck, and in a moment her arms were about him and she too had tears in her eyes.

Rosa, having no audience to consider, dissolved unbecomingly into tears of sympathy. She stood up and threw her arms round her brother's bent shoulders.

"Dear old Laurie," she murmured, "of course we congratulate you, and we'll welcome Lucilla like a sister—indeed we will."

Laurence disengaged an arm and clasped his sister too. How he loved them, these kindly familiar women of his household. His excitement made this old tie reveal its substantial worth. All his sympathies and emotions were quickened. Convention had been broken and they clung together weeping, laughing, kissing each other; a fond, foolish family, conscious that Fate was, perhaps, to destroy their unity.

At last Laurence disengaged himself and sat down. He rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand, and became coherent of speech. "You see," he explained, "I couldn't warn you beforehand, as I had no intention of speaking so soon. This trouble of theirs forced my hand. I had to speak now I can stand by them better now, and at least I can offer Lucilla my father's honorable name."

His mother's hand stole out to his along the table.

"Your father would have done just

that if I had been in Lucilla's place."

"But," Laurence continued, "I've loved her since I first met her—before I think, because I was sorry. I know she has faults, Rosa; who hasn't? But they're faults of environment. When she's away from her people, you'll see she'll be mother's daughter."

Christina smiled at him.

"No, dear, not that, we must give her personality room. She won't grow like us, why should she? We must show ourselves sympathetic to her. I fear we shall seem a little dowdy and out of things to her. Have you told her what a dull, old, unfashionable mother you have?"

"I've told her a lot, but not that."

Laurence gripped the hand he held.

"I do want to be a nice mother-in-law," said Christina. "I know the dangers so well. Laurence, you must bring her soon, or shall I go to her, dear, tomorrow morning?"

"No, you couldn't meet the mother; she is impossible."

"I wouldn't mind."

"No. I'll bring Lucilla here."

Theresa came in to clear away the tea things. She, as one of the family, friend as only faithful servant can be, had to hear the news. Theresa seized Laurence's hand and kissed it. The young man hugged her affectionately.

"Not that, Tessy, not to me," he said; "why, you've spanked me, haven't you, in my babyhood?"

"Never, Master Laurence! Now God bless the day an' that we're all alive! And you that the mistress and I rared and saved from the grave with scarlatina. To think you should be marrying too—and why not, indeed?"

So the news that the three women had dreaded was outwardly welcomed. Christina went to her room with a strange dizzy sense of fatality. She had to keep herself in check. That all-prevailing duty steadied her. Wom-

an's essential virtue, self-control, was the growth of many years with her. It was almost instinctive now.

But alone in her room her face relaxed into an expression of blank dismay. All her little dreams of the life that she and this treasured son would lead were shattered, and a cold loneliness seemed to engulf her. She was face to face too with love's evil familiar, jealousy.

Who would love her best now? The little girl who had put her first was wholly given to another, and the son, who more than any other in the world had been soul of her soul, had found another woman to be his comforter and friend. No one now would want her very much she thought. It was natural for youth to choose youth, and it was her place to withdraw and to leave lovers to each other, but bitterness of spirit surged over her. She seemed to see the rest of her life as a vista of barren days unmarked by aught but her failing powers and diminishing pleasures. She was a woman who, according to the proverb, had put all her eggs into one basket, and now the basket was to be emptied.

Christina looked out into the little suburban road, and the chill of old age crept about her heart.

Then suddenly there was a knock at the door, and to her "Come in" entered Laurence. He sat down on the bed and began at once to speak.

"I want to tell you all about it, mater," he said. "I couldn't bear you to think me underhand, or to think that I'd jumped into this without means to support it. You see I got that rise this morning. Of course I'm still as poor as a church mouse, but some income is better than none. I hadn't meant to propose to Lucilla yet, or without consulting you."

Christina turned grateful eyes upon him.

"Thank you, dear. But I never want to interfere with my children. You are independent beings now with your own lives to work out. You didn't ask to be born. I chose life for you, so I must give it to you unhandicapped.

"Well, it was this way——"

Laurence did not heed maternal philosophy over much. He wanted to tell his story.

"It was this way. When all the scandal about Warwick Brown came out, I felt I must go and see Lucilla, ask if I could help and so on. I got leave to go out this afternoon, and I went to the house. I found old Mamma Brown in the drawing-room. Jove! she did look a disheveled old hag, but more natural and so more pitiable than I've seen her yet. She began to cry, she said it was for Lucilla's sake; that she would go out to America and join her husband, but that Lucilla hated that life. Then she said how cruel people were in remembering scandals, and that her sin was visited on Lucilla, and that everyone was ready to throw mud at an innocent girl. That's true and I said so. She told me then how that silly affair of our missing the train after the picnic had got about the town, and that it was exaggerated, that some beast said we didn't turn up till next morning."

Christina looked at him with flaming eyes.

"Laurence! she invented it. It was a trap to catch you."

"Perhaps. Anyway I said I wanted to marry Lucilla. So I do."

"Do you, Laurence, truly, or is it just chivalry? If it is I'll go and see the woman myself and tell her that my son can't be caught by wiles of that sort."

Christina was flushed and angry. The maternal protective instinct was aroused. She longed to set her son

free. Gentle as she was, she could have met a virago and not quailed.

Laurence looked away.

"Oh! yes, I want to marry her," he said, "nothing else will satisfy me. It may be a sort of fever, the sort that Lizzie felt for the fruit in Goblin Market, but I should never care for anyone else now."

"But, my son, if the fever dies out?"

"Well, I shall have had my day."

"Laurence, I was not *in* love with your father, but I loved him—still love him dearly."

"You were a Victorian, mother."

"Yes," sighed Christina. "So then you saw Lucilla?" he asked.

"I did. Lucilla was in their sitting-room. Oh! she was miserable, mother.

She hated the idea of a rough and tumble life abroad. She's willing to be very poor . . . with me. Mother! she's adorable when she's sad."

"But, dear, the test of love is in the state of commonplace cheerfulness."

"She is always lovely."

"Very well, Laurence. There! That's the gong."

"Mater, I told Lucilla that of course you would live with us."

"No, my son, not that."

"But you must, you must. I can't imagine home without you. Lucilla is young, she'll want your advice, and your home is my home, you . . ."

Christina put her arm through his and turned him gently towards the door.

"We'll discuss it later," she said.

(To be continued.)

THE RETURN OF RELIGION.

Be our cast of thought favorable to Faith or Unfaith, no one who reflects ever so little on the issues which this World-War has raised can imagine that it will leave Religion where the twentieth century found it. If we stand at the "consummation of the age" then Christianity does so too, and in the foremost line. Dimly the people even outside all Churches, discern so much; and they accept the strange word Armageddon as denoting not only the field of strife but its significance in history. Now, Armageddon is called in the Apocalypse of St. John, "the battle of that great day of God Almighty. And we can be sure that the God here spoken of was not the same with him celebrated by a late eloquent professor as "the ancient, mighty deity of all the Teutonic kindred," Odin the War-God, supposed to be "looking serenely down upon his favorite children, the English and the Germans, locked in a death-strug-

gle." He is not Odin, for the simple reason that He is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. And the English have not lifted on high the dragon-flag of Ragnar Lodbrok, first cousin to the Prussian Black Eagle, but the Red Cross of St. John of Jerusalem. Our British and now American armies deserve to be named—it is an entirely right description of their aims and objects—the ambulance corps of Humanity. They are marching to its aid, so that if they win the Germans themselves will be saved. I have no hesitation in affirming that the Allies, however divided in points of dogma, nay, though some among them profess to have done with Religion altogether are yet in fact fighting for the very heart and essence of the Gospel. If that be so, Christianity is returning and will return. We may look forward to a new, a more glorious period of the reign of Christ.

Fully to comprehend what is hap-

pening, let us throw a glance backward over the time, now separated from us by world-shaking events, out of which we have escaped as in an earthquake, through torrents of flame and with disaster all round. I write the word "escaped" advisedly. For the years leading up to Armageddon we spent in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. I seem to remember when we entered it. Great changes are commonly associated with great names; and here the name is Darwin. Undoubtedly Charles Darwin acted the part of a modern Lucretius. Instead of ether, atoms, and chance, he gave the world Natural Selection. Himself without a tincture of metaphysics, innocent as any country gentleman who took to pigeon-fancying, this most amiable naturalist appeared to have banished mind from the world's development, and so to have made God a needless hypothesis. In such a connection his private beliefs matter little or nothing. Darwin had, in fact, been a sort of Unitarian; his prevailing mood as life went on was agnostic. But the immediate gain of which Natural Selection furnished the capital to unbelief I term Lucretian, because it seemed to prove that life in all its varieties, including man and his works, could have arisen, flourished, and spread over the globe, with no intellect whatever to set it going. That is the philosophy of the Roman poet who "denied divinely the divine" in his marvelous and gloomy verses *De Rerum Natura*. But Darwin was the crowned, the acknowledged, King of Science after his *Origin of Species* came out in 1859. The sum of these things is a paradox, science calmly showing us all that its Everlasting Father was nescience. But men of paramount authority hailed this mirk midnight as if it were the rising dawn. Such a formula gave them leave to reckon Theism among the mythologies. In a

"Belfast Address," which once called up innumerable echoes, Tyndall read decorously the Burial Service over it, where no hope of resurrection was held out to God or man.

I touch the lighter and literary fringes of a theme so formidable because I do not wish to die unread. Few comparatively are willing, but neither is the average man mentally robust enough, to read and study arguments on the First and Last Things with such concentration as the subject requires. This general condition of a very faint "Enlightenment," or, as the Germans say, *Aufklärung*, equally diffused and not less equally confused, gave enormous encouragement to the physical and biological theories, cunningly "wrapped up in facts," in presence of which any doctrine not ending in Materialism had little chance of a hearing and hardly any of acceptance. For Materialism was the ready money or the cash kept for its customers' use at the Bank of Nescience. Among its chief cashiers T. H. Huxley played a famous part. An arrogant yet attractive man, he knew as well as the most orthodox of his opponents that an agnostic could no more doff his cap to the Mud-god Matter than to the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. He declared as much, in stinging terms, with an emphasis aided by his lively language. But the agnostic can declare no assets; yet the people must be paid their dividends somehow. They were paid in scientific notes and cash. The old estate of Humanity was bankrupt. God, Christ, Church, together with conscience, immortality, the soul itself, had been liquidated into zero. When the Macrocosmos had no need of Mind to bring it into being or to keep it on its course of evolution, too plain it appeared that man, the Microcosmos, needed it still less. Matter and motion, both strictly

defined, measured, manipulated in the laboratory, were the only realities admitted to be aboriginal. "Perhaps hardly any living writer," said Mr. H. Coke in 1883, "has contributed so much to the common scepticism, the crass disbelief of the day, as Dr. Huxley." Yet, on being challenged as if holding this widespread view, the Professor rejoined in high dudgeon that he never had given it a moment's credence. He was a disciple of Hume, in whose eyes the postulates and conclusions that go beyond our instant experience—and such is the system of Materialism—can never be more than hypothetical. In Hume's own words, "the mind never perceives any real connection among distinct existences"; and "all our reasonings concerning causes and effects are derived from nothing but custom." To the pure phenomenist the dogmas of a Materialism such as Haeckel preaches in his *Riddle of the Universe* would be not less repugnant than the Athanasian Creed, and he would say for a like reason—because they transcend experience.

When, a good many years ago, the present writer summed up Professor Huxley's first principles after this fashion in the *Quarterly Review*, the Professor declared himself well-pleased on being thus at last understood. The public, I venture to think, did not understand him; but, as Dr. Stirling wittily observed, they took the affirmation of a real and absolute Matter to be the genuine teaching of science, and the Idealism which transformed it to a mere "state of consciousness" "as the tongue in the cheek." Science and Matter were palpable truth to the crowd; from which it followed that Religion and Dogma were fictions, now exploded by the dynamite of Natural Selection. For the entire range of the Knowable could, and indeed must, be developed from physical beginnings in time and

space. True it was that H. Spencer admitted likewise the Unknown. As in the school which Huxley championed Matter was apparently the cause of Mind, yet was itself only a form of mental perception, so in like manner Spencer's Knowable was all that really concerned us, yet we were told that "the interpretation of all phenomena in terms of Matter, Motion, and Force is nothing more than the reduction of our complex symbols of thought to the simplest symbols; and nothing more than symbols." For the Absolute existed; it was the Unknown Reality which underlay Spirit and Matter. But as it also was, and ever would be, absolutely beyond knowledge we were debarred from exercising in reference to it either intellect or will; we could not love, hate, fear, venerate, or long for it. Now that concerning which we are unable to put forth any act whatever is of necessity just nothing to us. And in this Nothing Spencer was sanguine enough to think that he had reconciled Science and Religion. The agnostic's "worship mostly of the silent sort" at the altar of a never to be known Deity provoked some satire. From a different point of view we might observe that the Spencean theology resembled a Japanese constitution in which the Mikado should never have the power of quitting his sacred retirement and the Shogun was the only visible and effective sovereign. In such a world it is not hard to guess whither prayers and worship would flow. Speaking enigmatically, the Absolute that does everything but appears nowhere in effect does nothing. This Absolute of Spencer's and that Relative of Hume both overthrow Religion and leave the empty space for superstition to occupy it. In any case they destroy Christianity.

There had been suggested a way of

deliverance by going back to Kant, when he said "I was compelled to remove knowledge that I might make room for faith." The German words are strong: "Ich musste das Wissen aufheben um zum Glauben Platz zu machen." At such a hearing the pure mystic rejoices, for he is prone to be sceptical of information about the highest things conveyed by channels of mere reason. So, too, should Huxley have been glad of the Kantian philosophy thus far, since he affirms that "the ground of everyone of our actions, and the validity of all our reasonings, rest upon the great act of faith which leads us to take the experience of the past as a safe guide in our dealings with the present and the future." But if science and religion are both ultimately resolvable into acts of faith, why accept the one and reject the other? Countless millions have shaped their lives on the belief that Nature was not strictly uniform; that a Power existed by which its ordinary course might be suspended or reversed. Nor is the intellect bewildered by such a limit to uniformity, as J. S. Mill frankly conceded, if we grant with Christians an Almighty Creator of heaven and earth. It is far more difficult, if not impossible, to conceive of mind as the product in any intelligible sense of mindless matter. I can easily believe in miracles, provided there is a Disposer of all things who wills to work them; but in blind Chance or eyeless Necessity I cannot so much as discover a positive meaning at all. And I am convinced that the agnostic's razor-edge between Aye and No on this subject will never afford safe walking. But since faith must be our portion, and men like T. H. Huxley refuse to have faith in God while making it the guarantee of what they term Nature, let me ask where does the difference lie that justifies their double attitude? Clearly

in the evidence which proves one act of faith to be reasonable and the other unreasonable. Behold us, then, brought into the jury-box after we had been sent home as mystics who needed not knowledge upon which to frame a verdict in religion; still are we driven to the exercise of understanding just as before Kant wrote.

Professor Huxley rejected with scorn "the wonderful fallacy that the laws of nature are agents, instead of being, as they really are, a mere record of experience, upon which we base our interpretations of that which does happen, and our anticipation of that which will happen." Here is more than a summer day's task for the intelligent British jury, called upon to decide whether experience has been always uniform, without shadow of turning in the immeasurable past, nay in the immediate present. For they will have heard rumors of telepathy and perhaps have taken part in psychical research. At all events, they know that the historical religion of Europe is committed to belief in the Resurrection of Christ from the dead—a fact, if it be true, which no one would cite by way of illustrating the uniformity of Nature. What, then, is the real drift of Huxley's appeal to Kant? Did he propose to give unto Faith a plenary indulgence whereby it might believe as it listed? Not at all. He meant to banish from thought and discussion the whole religious problem with whatever it implied. Now Kant, so far as method is concerned, was apparently anxious to transfer that problem from the ground of "pure Reason," where it could never in his opinion be solved, to another and a higher, the realm of conscience and conduct, where life demanded its solution. But Huxley, who had gone with him one mile, stopped dead when invited to travel a second, of which the goal was Religion

Regained. He replied to the philosopher who was for advancing along this open road by retorting on him in Kant's own style, "The limitation of our faculties renders real answers to such questions not merely impossible, but theoretically inconceivable." In later years, as I ventured once to say, the Professor contented himself with assigning all these problems to the Unknown, "leaving the Unknowable in sole charge of Mr. Spencer." Yet the sentence I have just quoted occurs in an article on "Agnosticism," dated 1889; and I marvel in what more stringent language we could have been told to discharge from our minds every hope of attaining the facts, without which Religion becomes the emptiest of dreams.

No doubt the heyday of this fierce unbelieving movement is over; we may watch Darwin with his train of scientific demigods going swiftly down the sky. Spencer himself, most combative and unyielding of benevolent souls, ends his *Autobiography* in a key of elegiac sadness, regretting the burden put upon him of prophesying about an Absolute whose one unquestionable attribute is final despair. When a man of boundless self-conceit—and such, intellectually considered, Spencer was—can desire the churches with their dogmas and priesthoods not to vanish too quickly from the scene, "What," in the words of St. Paul, "shall we say to these things?" Much more powerfully than a retraction on bended knees, or any palinodia prescribed by prelates, do the last pages of Spencer's writing bear witness to the "deep heart of man," which enshrines his most consummate Reason, not to be defeated by ten thousand denials of its faculty to plant a sure step in the world beyond phenomena. I have been calling up the names of stars of the first magnitude on that impenetrably dark vault where the

Unknowable rayed out blackness. Let me add one more, the curiously variable light, known to some of us in both his aspects, of J. G. Romanes. This chief of science, whom no small company reckoned as Darwin's successor (though of course not his equal), once published anonymously under the signature of "Physicus" a startling challenge, which he designated *A Candid Examination of Theism*. The volume dated 1878—just on forty years ago—is lying open on my desk; but I could almost rehearse without consulting it passages that have lingered in memory, so bold and pathetic was their tone in the very height of "victorious analysis" then prevailing. Romanes, in his character of man of science, felt bound to declare that, if the experience-philosophy were valid, most assuredly there was no God; for "the hypothesis of Mind in nature is as certainly superfluous to account for any of the phenomena of nature, as the scientific doctrine of the persistence of force and indestructibility of matter is certainly true."

Could the gentle David Hume have read these words, a smile, I think, would have passed over his countenance. "Persistent force" and "indestructible matter," as known by experience to creatures of a day, may serve our little schemes of "interpretation and anticipation" very well; but how can we possibly ascertain that matter and force are eternal, except by transcending our experience? A forbidding "if" stands on the threshold; "if" things were ever as we now think they are; "if" the record of their action which we term their "laws" never was different; and "if" we had any means of finding out the condition of existence, or whether anything existed, in the infinite past. To affirm Eternal Being is, indeed, to plunge into deeps beyond sounding.

But to affirm it as pure Unreason—which is the necessary implication of Romanes, with his mindless force and matter—appears to me the sum of all possible audacities. And is “science” bound by an indissoluble ligament to this Siamese twin? So surely as we have knowledge—thus runs the conclusion—so certain is it that the First Being, Cause, Reality—names will not alter the case—has none. I set down words that shock by their violent assault on our powers of belief. Yet this, or nothing at all, is what Romanes intended to assert. The man of science could not pause until he had reached that absolute negation. But the man of sense revolted, and he wrote:

With the utmost sorrow I find myself compelled to accept the conclusions here worked out . . . Whether I regard the problem of Theism on the lower plane of strictly relative probability, or on the higher plane of purely formal considerations, it equally becomes my obvious duty to stifle all belief of the kind which I conceive to be the noblest and to discipline my intellect with regard to this matter into an attitude of the purest scepticism. And forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the “new faith” is a desirable substitute for the waning splendor of “the old,” I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God, the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness . . . There is a dreadful truth in those words of Hamilton—Philosophy having become a meditation, not merely of death, but of annihilation, the precept “Know Thyself” has become transformed into the terrific oracle to Oedipus—

“Mayest thou ne’er know the truth of what thou art.”

It is consoling to remember that this victim of science falsely so-called was rescued in time out of the dungeon of

Giant Despair, and found the Divine Master who had never been far from him. Professor Romanes lived to understand that his reasoning to the perfect Unreason of all things was a pure sophism. It made the universe a riddle indeed of Oedipus, but Oedipus himself was the solution; and when he defined his own nature truly the Sphinx of Materialism flung herself headlong down from her rock. We must—I would repeat after Descartes—first inquire, “What is man?” before we attempt the harder question, “What is not man?” The light that never was on sea or land is the true light and shines in us, “*Lux in tenebris lucet.*” That in our incompleteness it should be dimmed and often clouded over is not wonderful. But that in the myriads upon myriads of star-clusters, entrancingly fair even to human eyes, moving in measures which our finest mathematics cannot cope with, yet on laws reducible to the formulas of Kepler and Newton—that in such music of the spheres no Reason should be, or ever have been, the master-player, is out of all possibility; and those who give in to a superstition so enormous deserve to be told, reversing the well-known words of Polonius, that there is madness in their method. Of the philosophy which affirms phenomena to be the only certainties, and mind to be the “epiphenomenon” of matter, we may say what Horace writes of Love:

Haec si quis tempestatis prope ritu
Mobilia et caeca fluitantia sorte laboret
Reddere certa sibi, nihilo plus explicet
ac si

Insanire paret certa ratione modoque.

But why, it may be asked, did men of rare intellectual ability take delight in sceptically denying its source and standard, which can only be Mind? The reply given by Sir Oliver Lodge, himself a scientific man of vast achievements, is that their very success

in one province of knowledge so absorbed their thought as to induce a partial oblivion of the whole. In other words, analysis though a good servant is a bad master. Goethe warned his own age, in verses too familiar for quotation, that to dissect the living might yield all its parts to the experimentalist, but not the spirit which was fled. The intellect, like the dyer's hand, although it has safeguards of its own, may be subdued to what it works in; for not the proudest genius can reflect all the lights innumerable of Being. There is, however, something more to be added, which struck me in reading the American Lester Ward, whose comprehensive treatise on *Pure Sociology* appeared in 1903. The passage now in my view appears to me so frank and significant that I may be allowed to transcribe its main portion. Professor Ward says:

Most psychologists, and also the world at large, regard consciousness as something that differs *toto coelo* from all other things. They are scarcely willing to admit that it can be a natural thing at all. The testimony on this point is so nearly unanimous that it seems almost presumptuous in anyone to attempt to stem such a torrent. It is not confined to persons of a theological bent, but extends to the most outspoken evolutionists, like Spencer and Huxley. But it is difficult to see why this should be so. It practically amounts to a recognition of discontinuity, and seems to me virtually to give away the whole evolutionary or monistic hypothesis. If at this particular point where psychic phenomena begin there is an absolute break, and something is introduced whose elements are not contained in anything that preceded it, I do not see why we should find any fault with the introduction of any number of such external elements or factors, and there seems to be no reason for stopping short of the most

arbitrary theological explanation of all the phenomena of the universe.*

I cannot extol Professor Ward's English as equal to that of Hume or Huxley; but it serves to bring out a point of supreme interest and I submit his contention to thoughtful readers. If matter in motion, unaided and alone, with no other properties or powers, but simply the phenomenon as we know it, could bring forth Mind, or turn into Mind, then the universe of thought as we know it would require no intelligent Cause, and Materialism to the extent of sheer Atheism would be the sole philosophy credible. Hence the tremors which assail our Washington denier of "theological explanations," when he perceives the captains of evolution rising up one after another to declare that, as Huxley says, besides Matter and Force there is a third thing in the universe, namely, consciousness. This importunate third thing stands like a gateless barrier to check the march of sincere Materialists who would conquer the world without deceiving it, and of such, I believe, was Professor Ward. He wrote, for instance, that "there can be no psychic force where there is no mind, no vital force where there is no life. There can be no mind where there is no brain or nerve ganglia, no life where there is no animal, plant, protist, or protoplasm," and he will admit nothing more than that "the universe possesses the potency of life and mind." I call this intellectual honesty. Men of a character so straight do not put forward the doctrine of mindless matter as the whole of truth when assailing orthodoxy, and of matter as a mere "state of consciousness" or "symbol of the unknowable X," when assailed in their turn. For the sleight of hand is so far from being sound philosophy that it is not even good manners. We

**Pure Sociology*, p. 123.

must drive the logic and fact of the situation home. Either Mind is the origin of Matter, or Matter is the origin of Mind, or both alike are derived from that which is neither as we apprehend them. If I may recur to my Japanese illustration, since the agnostic does not know whether the Mikado exists, he is debarred from affirming that the Shogun however disguised is the one supreme ruler by whose fiat all things happen in the Kingdom of the Rising Sun. Professor Ward denies the Mikado; and his Shogun will consequently be required to explain how certain enactments—let us say touching the temple-services—are within his power. If he has solemnly declared, and indeed proved by evidence, that he does not so much as know what is meant by a temple or by religion, being himself altogether secular in views and principles, those who have trusted in his universal jurisdiction may well feel unhappy.

The vital issue turns on consciousness and conscience; in other words, on human knowledge and human action strictly so-called, known to us by immediate experience, but disclosing the eternal order in which they find their only true place and bearing. Negatively, these realities are not the product of physical forces; and positively they lead us into a universe of spiritual being. Mind has no position, is not a mode of motion, nor an energy transformable into or out of any of the phenomena classed as energy; its presence or absence cannot be detected by mechanical experiment; and when we draw inferences respecting it we do so by analogy with our own mind of which we are conscious, not from physical phenomena taken alone. It has been said that "Matter is annihilated if it be identified with Mind." But if the converse be maintained, and all our seeming knowledge is nothing except a fluid and transient

state of molecular motion, with what face can we talk of certitudes, laws of nature, intelligent "interpretation and anticipation" of things past or things to come? The foundation and test of truth would alike be wanting. Let me draw the conclusion. First, physical science, though a product of mind, can by physical observation make nothing of mind. And secondly, it is impossible to conceive a beginning of Thought. These two negatives unite in a great affirmative, viz., that Eternal Being is Eternal Reason.

An immediate corollary which bears with it endless consequences must be noted. Where objects are quite incommensurable we cannot make them the subjects of a single and identical science. The method by which we ascertain the pressure on a surface in foot-pounds is not calculated to throw a strong light on Shakespeare's design in the character of Hamlet. "Can anyone," says Hume, "conceive a passion of a yard in length, a foot in breadth, and an inch in thickness? Thought therefore and extension are qualities wholly incompatible, and never can incorporate together into one subject." Of mental and sensible experiences he writes: "These objects and perceptions, so far from requiring any particular place, are absolutely incompatible with it, and even the imagination cannot attribute it to them." Whatever, then, be the relation of Matter to Mind, it is not one of identity, nor does Mind in any way proceed as an effect from Matter as a cause. There is a science of Thought in which the world of physical phenomena finds no place, and on which it can exercise no influence except as a possible field for the manifestation of spirit called art, whether ethical, esthetical, or instrumental. In the volume of Thought a crowning chapter is rightly termed "Religion," or the "Binding,"

for it is occupied with the relation of our minds to the Mind from which they came. Unless the Materialist can justify himself at the bar of Reason—and we have seen that he never can—another form and principle of Knowledge than his demand our study. Religion is therefore not only a legitimate but a necessary branch of science, possessing its own axioms, involving undeniable postulates, furnished with methods appropriate to its subject-matter, and issuing in conclusions, practical no less than theoretical, on which reflection sets the seal of certitude.

"Man," it has been profoundly observed, "is by nature a metaphysical being; the fact of Death would by itself make him so." Perhaps we shall bring out the exact truth by subjoining as a gloss, "The fact of Death apprehended, questioned, and dared for the sake of an end to which life is sacrificed." Death is not known to any creature save man; in the animal world, so far as we can judge, it is an event, not an apprehension; for the hunted stag flees without more than a vague dread of evil impending. But man has looked Death in the face and asked him "What art thou?" None would say that submitting to Fate is self-sacrifice. But the voluntary death of a man on behalf of his fellows, however little the hero reasons about it or is capable of analyzing his own motives, I would define as a supreme appeal from Matter to Spirit. More than a tribal instinct enters into the great act of self-immolation; deep within it we perceive the Primal Source from which it springs; here at last we have plucked out the heart of the mystery which we call Life, and behold it is Love. Not blind Chance nor eyeless Necessity created so marvelous a thing; what laws of mechanism could be invoked to explain by physical

attractions and repulsions the Divine Friendship latent, yet most thrillingly effective, in a simple lad's rushing upon death for a cause greater than himself? That may be all he knows; but it is enough. Advantage or profit to the man who falls thus in battle, where is it? He has flung away all whatsoever, on the supposition of Materialism, he had at any time, and now he is no more. He has perished and with him a universe of thought and feeling in the same moment. Can we believe this, once we have allowed that Humanity is not an exile in an alien solitude, an accident or a by-product of mere energy, but at home in the all-enfolding Mind whose light streams over our path? To defy death as our friends do in the thousand scenes of carnage is to refute Materialism; and we may reply to everyone of its proposed enigmas by a phrase grander than the proverbial saying which it imitates, *Solvitur moriendo*. Death is the teacher of true philosophy.

And hence it was to be anticipated that, when the reign of sceptic, agnostic, phenomenist, had risen to the height of power, it would meet with a check outside the lecture-room and the laboratory, as tremendous in onset as the evil to be stayed. Men are always dying; but not in enormous crowds, or deliberately and in the prime of life, or summoned from every rank and profession in the name of the brotherhood. The Great War is a War of doctrines and ideals. It is fought in the unseen world and is the clashing with one another of invisible hosts. It will bear Humanity onward to religious altitudes yet undreamed of, or throw it back into the steaming valley of moral despair and aimless luxury. Once more, surely, it is time to remind ourselves of Plato's noble saying, repeated by his far-off disciple, Ruskin:

Wherefore, our battle is immortal; and the Gods and the Angels fight on our side; and we are their possessions. And the things that destroy us are injustice, insolence, and foolish thoughts; and the things that save us are justice, self-command, and true thought, which things dwell in the living power of the Gods.

Now, if Materialism, which in this country is the practical and daily outcome of agnostic tendencies, be the sum of all possible fallacies, then the price which our dear friends are paying with their lives to ransom us from it is at once sacred and inestimable. They die that England may live. Admirable; but tell me, what kind of life, and on what level? Darwin, whose merits in his proper department are greater than can be expressed, has had his day. Not that so modest a man of genius thought himself ever the prophet of Humanity. He abandoned that office to Mr. Spencer whom he called "our great philosopher," and to the lords of synthesis, contented in his own person, or at least compelled, to be ignorant how life had arisen and to what goal it was moving. But Darwinism had reigned for a good half-century, taking much of the power not only which the Christian Faith had hitherto wielded but also that which systems of ideal forms might still claim. The social order, construed until then in theory as an embodiment of ethical rights and duties, now ran no slight risk of appearing to depend on force—the sheer strength of material resources guided by secular interests. To believers in the better part of man this change could not seem anything but decadence. A sharp cynic in Mr. Mallock's *New Republic* maintained, not without effect, that in reducing virtue to expediency the coming atheism would make vice much less attractive, and indeed altogether mean-

ingless. The "new man," created by mechanism, himself a machine which had only some physical motive power inside it, could not hope to be treated, like his human predecessor, to love in which tenderness might win depth by a touch of delightful mockery, or to anger which was noble and kind, or to pity because of the contrast between his lofty aims and inadequate performance. How is it possible to give your heart or to break it where a piece of clockwork is the sole object in front of you? But all these considerations, well-founded, nay inevitable, on the hypothesis of vulgar science, became an excuse to cultivate power and pleasure to the utmost. The Darwinian Era may have been worse or better than ages going before; calculations in this region are of little value; but the instinct which the agnostic and the materialist encouraged was one of lawless Hedonism. And earlier ages differed from it precisely in this, that they recognized the Higher Law even in the act of breaking its commandments. Their very sin held, so to speak, of the infinite and eternal.

Arguments which have never been answered were brought from many sides against the Lucretian idea of evolution, when the great wave came swelling on our shores. But they served chiefly by the manner in which current opinion rejected them to mark how the flood was bursting the ancient dykes and barriers of tradition. It is true that Professor Huxley, before quitting our mortal stage, changed his tone of defiant security, and in the Romanes Lecture at Oxford raised the flag of the revolt of man against the cosmic order. He was charged with want of logic and a sentimental Humanism. Reserving, however, for the present our study of this unexpected transformation-scene, which has had, and will have imitators, we may

endeavor to strike a balance between the "old Faith" of the Christian and the "new Faith" of which science, exalted into a complete philosophy of life and conduct, was taken to be the herald. Witty persons have talked of "Worldliness and Other-Worldliness." These are pretty clear terms, better than the "isms" which ruin a good style and which require to be constantly watched lest they turn with Hegelian dexterity into their opposites. I think, also, that Secularism, in spite of its abstract termination, is a working equivalent of the real tendency now under review. Death is the line which divides the Christian faith from the Secularist assumption. The question cannot be stated simply as if it concerned our mortal span, whether we shall seek to light it up with an ideal, or to shape its course on the principle of Aristippus and get as much variety or pleasure into it as we find possible. It is a different problem from either of these. We must try to ascertain if our individual life, as we know it, under the conditions of time and space is or is not the prelude to another stage of existence when those conditions have fallen away from us. If it is, then our aspirations and duties ought to conform to "other-worldliness"; but if not, whether we please ourselves in the ideal or batten on the real will signify nothing to us next week or next year. Of the noble and the ignoble it must then be said when their time comes that all alike they "are made one with Nature." But since Nature has neither soul nor mind, it will be to the letter true, even of the saint, hero, poet, thinker, friend of man,

That all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal.

No wonder that Shelley, after uttering this lament, puts the question to himself, "of what scene" are we

"the actors or spectators?" Emphatically, it is the Human Question. To leave it hanging doubtful in the air of scepticism, which was thought wisdom during the Darwinian Era is to condemn all except a few despairing idealists to live without rule or compass. For what would any "aurea aetas ventura" much signify, when doomed inexorably to end in death and mere oblivion? Already deep down in our secret heart we have knowledge more than enough of the Living Eternal to whom we are akin—to take from a limited existence on this floating clod of earth its desirability. If the dream of life is just a dream, never to wake into a fresh morning as the sun sinks to rise again, can we mind greatly how the dream goes? And so it came to pass that many modern voices have been asking the world, is Life worth living? Its root and stay, its value and meaning were in the Unseen or nowhere. To be a sceptic towards God, it appeared by free trial and experiment, was to empty our own personality, our very self, of the something which gave it a real being. "The wonder and the beauty and the terror," apart from which man is weariness all day long, must then be aspects caught and reflected in our consciousness of an Eternal Love. For they are qualities at once most human yet in their infinite power and majesty most divine. To deny their transcendent worth, reducing them to secondary passing effects of our small experience, is at a single stroke to degrade them into a nursery tale, or as Montaigne speaks, to make of them "phantoms that amaze people," but are all the while hollow and impotent.

Have we come back, then, to the tired Preacher who was King in Jerusalem, with his "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity"? Yes and no, according to the judgment we form

to ourselves of life and death. Since the finite and contingent do, in fact, suppose and depend upon the First Cause who is not Chance, or Fate, or the Unknowable, but the Living and Seeing God—"Deus vivens et videns," said St. Augustine—if He be denied or ignored, the rest is, as it will prove itself to be, vanity indeed. If history, life, character, the social order, be cut off in our philosophy from that creative and sustaining influence, then Ecclesiastes, who for the moment was dramatically taking that point of view, is justified. And on its wide acceptance there must follow—will any man conversant during the last fifty years with society and literature deny that there has followed?—a notable paralysis of the more spiritual instincts, emotions, aims, efforts. E. von Hartmann, no contemptible witness, described his own time as a "most irreligious age." In England, the unbelief of the artisan class, the apathy of the agricultural class, in all that concerns Religion would be portentous, were it not so familiar. Apologists have written with pathetic fervor that the "empty tomb" proves the Resurrection; what does the "empty Church" prove except that the majority, without distinct knowledge of the reason why, have cast aside hope in the Risen Christ and look on Religion as the means by which the clergy earn their living? And on this has ensued the "transvaluation of all values," which we may perceive in poetry, novel writing, music, painting, conversation, journalism, and in the verdict of society on social institutions like marriage and the family. Further consequences of a sinister kind are *taedium vitae*, frivolous amusements, race suicide, the growth of deliberate self-murder, increase of mental maladies, and an almost universal unrest. The literature of many days past, English and foreign, re-

flects in the same looking-glass the phenomena so closely related which, in our newer jargon, are labeled Realism and Pessimism. The author of Ecclesiastes did not know that language; but he saw "all the works that were done under the sun, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit."

Our laughing and dying heroes answer with a shout of glad defiance. They have no conscious philosophy; but they will do their duty and scorn the consequences. Of religion itself most of them know little; for they were born in the Darwinian Era. But man, despite agnostic and materialist, is and will ever be irretrievably a metaphysician. He looks through appearances to the light beyond. He has in himself the answer of life. He has come at a sudden call from the foolish decadence which held him a prisoner—come, as Richter says, to the "great sighing and singing tree of true Knowledge which points the way to the open battlefield and the city where we shall be crowned." What is the "seeming" of word-spinners to a man who has given up all he had and is marching straight to Death? He would have died hereafter; but this moment he dares and chooses to die. I am thinking of one I knew well, whose thoughts and desires were all beautiful, his whole nature moulded on the lines of a pure humanity. But, before the summons of war, the Darwinian cloud had overtaken him and he was perplexed. In that last advance no doubt held him back; from the depths of his being there rose upon my friend a light clear as the dawn, and he gave himself with a ringing cheer to the supreme sacrifice. He had never denied the Truth, never doubted that the soul is captain and the flesh must obey. Shall I commit the act of high treason to mind and heart of supposing that when Death took him

there was nothing save a piece of machinery shattered and broken, while he who sprang forward over the top with a spirit never to be daunted was now even less than its least fragment? If that tenement of clay was henceforth to be made one with Nature,

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what of the spirit which had given it life and motion? It had never simply been absorbed into a world of matter, and from matter it was now set free. Would it not find its way Home? On the field where such men die Religion lives again.

William Barry.

CONCERNING COMPANIONSHIP.

We have been apt to deride the epithet "dearest friend," even as we are prone to laugh at the mention of a mother-in-law or of twins or trousers upon the stage. In a more insincere yesterday one dearest friend or so may have proved a dearest enemy, and brought the expression into disrepute. But these moments of common sorrow and scant pleasure inspire the demand as they create the supply of the real and substantial article. Superficiality is out of date, and the self-seeker a blatant anachronism. We have little time to investigate and test a new acquaintance, or to consider the old with ceremony, while we have much need of an unfailing, sentimental supporter who shall serve our anxieties and our compensations, contributing the listening ear and the brightening eye to the account alike of our troubles and joys.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one," wrote America's best philosopher, and, in truth, the giving and taking of friendship are amongst the supreme privileges of existence. Sincerity and selflessness are the key-stones of the treasure-land; and the best of all investments is a freehold on the affections of some deserving, industrious and intelligent one, to whom we pay faithfully the tax of helpful sympathy in all circumstances.

Shakespeare knew a great deal about friendship, and his works are punctuated with the counsel of perfection

in its achievement and of warning against its endangerment.

The forlorn of a later and less distinguished lyrical history who bewailed:

Oh, bring my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone,

voiced a poignant fact. We cannot play alone, although we may work happily outside the chance of companionship; for work can be all-engrossing, whether of the most laborious, the most intellectual, or the merely mechanical virtue. We recognize gratefully that sorrow if not halved is at least mitigated by the assurance that we are not bearing our burden alone.

To quote the omniscient William, "You do freely bar the door of your own liberty if you deny your grief to your friend."

Although in great affliction we crave solitude, yet the thought of some other, even if away from us, occupied with a consideration of our sadness is a consolation clearly realized. If we ignore all companionship in the first days of a calamity, it is a solace in the background to know that some dear comrade will come quickly when wanted, and meanwhile the written word can be relied upon to break in upon the endless, awful hours of despair.

I would cite as the model letter of condolence one which ran: "All that I have and am is waiting to be called

upon." And this was written by a man to a woman; and between the two had been no relations beyond those bred of affection and admiration. Letters expressing sympathy are hard to write in the satisfactory strain of love and sincerity with hope and faith beyond. The cynic, who is always with us, has discovered that praise bestowed upon the survivor soothes as effectually as tender tribute to the departed.

"What a splendid daughter you have been!" can be as consoling as "What a great mother she was!" while the floral offering from the distinguished stranger serves well to dry the tears and encourage complacency at our own virtues which undoubtedly induced this.

There are some few in the world who make a point of being what may be called "in at the death," who would have scant desire to be with others in their amusements, but yet deliberately emulate the fly—"With my little eye, I saw him die." There is, as Rochefoucauld said in another language, some satisfaction in the sorrows of others, but in moments of mourning it is better to uphold a precept which I think was made in a Polish Ghetto:

Where I don't dance, I don't grieve.

But for glad or sorry moments, among the many difficulties which beset the human, the discovery of the ideal companion is the hardest to overcome. A. may be so satisfactory at action but so unadaptable to repose; B. may be such a brick in town and such a bore in the country; whilst charming C. will show an apathy which encourages, even commands, our reticence; delightful D. may possess a tendency to indiscretion which threatens our confidences violently towards mischief; and E. can be so vexatiously cocksure that his luck is the direct result of his merit.

The birth of friendship is surround-

ed by mystery, as the birth of love, the one being mainly based upon the intellectual as the other is upon the physical attraction, and we are often influenced to indifference, or even enmity, by no greater excuse than that which provoked the attempted assassination of a king:

The cause which to that act compelled him

Was that he never loved him since he first beheld him.

For good companionship a similar standard of thought and life must be maintained with similar interests. It is difficult to draw near to the sportsman if you are without expert appreciation of his prowess, to the musician if you have no music in your soul, to the artist if you are color-blind, or to those of letters if you are lacking in all literary instinct. It can easily be understood that a companion who fits every condition is of no common occurrence. When to speak, when be silent, when present, and when absent are the primary rules to master. But since contradiction is a stimulant the complete triumph may be achieved in the constant society of two who are not possessed of identical tastes, but the same quality of understanding must prevail, and we must avoid, as Emerson has it, "a mush of concession."

In the Workhouse, a remarkably funny dramatic sketch of Irish birth, shows two age-stricken companions lying side by side, who can neither live happily with or without each other, whose quarrels are as necessary to them as daily bread, whose reconciliations are the punctual prelude to further disputes. Yet the thought of separation is unbearable to both alike.

Differences may strike the rich vein of variety in intercourse, which, nevertheless, may proceed upon the smoothest paths unless some person intervenes. It is rare that friends who are

companions in the best sense fall out on abstract matters; usually the breach is caused by a divergence of estimate of a third individual. It is not necessary for your perfect companion to hold your views of the music of Wagner, of the theology of H. G. Wells, of the zoology of George Moore, or of the art of Epstein, but if he or she should fail to fall in with your opinion of your favorite soldier, or of your best-beloved philanthropist, or of the idol of your political predilections, then you may look out for the parting of the ways. Therefore the wise who would keep their illusions of the complete sympathy of their nearest and dearest companions will not be inclusively confidential, holding a few reserves, tempering their enthusiasms to the shorn wind of a possible jealousy. Nor woman nor man was made to live alone, and the hermit is a rare bird, while the habits of the cuckoo prevail popularly if surreptitiously.

There are limits to the satisfaction evolved from the unshared pleasure, whether in changing circumstance, in the passing interest in a book or a picture, or the consciousness of a personal success, and the straits of desperation of an acknowledged failure call ever loudly for a pilot. Even a baby grows the more precious on the chance of explaining its charms; while a new costume loses half its *raison d'être* if no one can be found to stand and deliver admiration of its becomimg and righteous thriftfulness; a new lover may have his attractions enhanced by their recitation to an attentive listener, and "You were not to blame" rings with an abiding sweetness to the ear of the guilty muddler.

It has been held that the perfect companion can only be discovered of a like sex, and it is vexatious to have to grant that instances in Biblical and other literary history go to prove men are more apt in friendship than women.

In quick sequence comes the memory of David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, Antonio and Bassanio, Shelley and Keats, Steele and Addison, Boswell and Johnson, Hallam and Tennyson; these with many more are emblazoned upon the rolls of fame to point the splendid example. Although we have the record of Sappho, Erinna, with others, and the most admirable exception of Ruth in her devotion to her mother-in-law, and some recollection that Mary Queen of Scots owned a Mary Seton in her faithful train, yet it must be admitted that in fact and fiction the men triumph along the line as friends to each other.

Even, it must be acknowledged, friendship between women has often been proved a danger and a delusion; being composed invariably of the worshiped and the worshiping fatal extremes of self-abnegation are engendered. In that noteworthy book, *The Regiment of Women*, dire possibilities stand well revealed to point the moral of the girl subservient to the woman. There are, however, a noble number of mixed friendships, for sometimes we build better than we know, and there are a score or more of authentic cases of true comradeship between a man and a woman; the acquaintance which commenced in passion may in later years securely proceed on calmer lines, such possibility being argued, of course, from a mutual resignation of the more romantic rôle.

"My friend" has a rich significance, though there are words of less import which go to make the same sum. There come to call crony, pal, chum, and, lastly, comrade; but comrade has fallen from grace since it became the property of art circles, where it covered a multitude of free love, which someone dogmatized as meaning freedom to love everybody else. We shall hope for the re-establishment of comrade in its higher sense; it is too good

a word to be lost in an unworthy cause.

We smile at the poor wife of the slums who proudly boasts that her spouse "is more like a friend than an 'usband," and we are deeply sensible that only the combination can go to prove that marriages are made in heaven for service on earth.

Reflection brings forward the sad truth that many a little makes a muckle of disagreement. Finance is a rock upon which much happiness and love may split, and a great discrepancy in fortunes may prove a bar to the all-satisfying friendship. "What is mine is yours," even when frankly uttered, is difficult to accept, and a confession of embarrassment becomes the harder to make when relief is certain and assured, and personal experience adds nothing to the excuse. To share inconveniences, in spite of the obvious disadvantages, makes definitely for the complete comprehension. "We have divided one cup of coffee and tossed for our last cigarette" will cement the firmest bond.

Immune from the fate of monetary deficiencies it is not easy to grasp fully the depressing and demoralizing influences of perpetual struggle for mere solvency, and the counsel of Polonius, "neither a borrower nor a lender be," cannot be quoted as a good working proposition in friendship's name, or regarded even as an order of conduct which merits the unfaltering disciple. Problems in trials and tact should embrace the poor friend who must stand indebted to the rich without loss of personal dignity on his side, without gain of sense of superiority on the other's. It is always more comfortable to give than to receive, and a supreme testimony to friendship is to proffer on the right day in the right fashion.

"Never the time and the place and the loved one all together," complained Browning for another hero. The mo-

ment and the man, with the money, form a union quite admirable, and the harassing debts and nerve-wracking liabilities should be divined and dispersed by the wealthier friend who comprehends that his position owns duty as well as privilege in its terms. Money has been a stumbling-block, as poverty a binding link, to many a sentimental journey, and often the sudden death or enforced departure to foreign shores has brought remorse to the reluctant helper.

"Why did I not lend him that £100?" with tears welling to his eyes, I heard a rich man deplore when told of the suicide of an old friend who had often tried his generosity, but had been let down by him at the last fence.

An endowed philosopher will decide always to yield a demanded fiver, with thanksgiving at the smallness of the amount, and some optimism that a failure to repay will ensure no request for more.

But happiest are our friendships when no such consideration need intervene, where fortune smiles or frowns with impartiality, and we march together well at ease, while we suspect that, should circumstances enforce a separation, our ideal companion would yet exist to uphold us through the medium of letters. But the traveler and the stay-at-home may lose touch and after prolonged parting meet as strangers. The influence of environment is strong, and different conditions of existence with different manners and habits can change the mental with the moral outlook.

We may be well assured that we have found our second half when the recitation of a good story, the entertainment of a pleasing play, the enjoyment of a fine sunset or stretch of sea or landscape leads us immediately to desire to remit our fullest sensation to the hero or heroine of our cherished intimacy.

In closest quarters of our daily life we want our chosen ally in important crises to make identical cause with us, to vow herself or himself on our side, whatever small or large discussion may take place of or round or about us; else may the whole edifice of our sentiment find itself in ruins. "If you are not with me you are against me," and in all circumstances we consider it amongst our best friend's responsibilities to applaud our courses in public utterance, even if it be possible to chide us with due diffidence in confidential moments; a friend being immortalized as "a person with whom I may be sincere, before whom I may think aloud."

"The King can do no wrong" is the righteous motto to follow, and loyalty may be counted the great factor in the making, as disloyalty is the great enemy in the breaking, of all fine friendships

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nurtured on sympathy and sentiment.

It may be argued and conceded that the most congenial companion is not always the most precious friend; that the qualities of intelligence which go to the promotion of the former are not indispensable to those who may play the latter part to satisfaction. The consummation devoutly to be wished lies in the alliance of head and heart, the great marriage wherein the soul's solitude may dwindle. Having found so equipped a comrade, cling to him, worship him, indulge him, foster him; never lose him lightly, nor divorce him without full measure of grievance. And at worst with a fair stock of sincerity and self-denial, a due regard for the *convenances* of companionship, we can hope not to deserve the epitaph penned by one unscrupulous wit of another, "He had not an enemy in the world, but his friends did not like him."

E. Aria.

"THE CITY OF DREAMS."

Unborn tomorrow and dead yesterday,
Why fret about them if today be
sweet?

Nan Raynor's voice had almost a note of entreaty in it as she quoted the Tentmaker's verses.

"Isn't today sweet enough for you, *mon ami*? Just you and I and a punt and a perfect summer's day. *Do* be reasonable, and let's enjoy the present while we may."

But Eldred Ward, sitting in the bows as the punt drifted slowly down stream, needing only now and again a touch of Nan's paddle to keep it clear of the high rushes which fringed the willow-lined banks of the quiet backwater, was in no mood to be "reasonable."

How could anyone of ordinary flesh and blood be reasonable in a punt with Nan? How altogether desirable she

looked, half sitting, half lying, in the stern of the punt, resting against a pile of gay cushions, one graceful bare arm trailed overboard, the slender fingers just breaking the surface of the still water into splashes and flickers of silver. But then, of course, the touch of Nan's fingers would make anything infinitely precious.

The great floppy sun-hat cast its shade over the face with its short straight nose, daintily curved lips, and firm little chin, and made it hard to read the expression in the hazel eyes under the finely penciled dark brows. Were they mocking? were they tender? were they wondering?

Ward thought that perhaps they were wondering; trying to understand the incomprehensible, insistent, unsatisfied, person in front of them.

Nan looked at him thoughtfully,

for to her mind, or to the mind of any woman for that matter, he was certainly worth more than a casual glance.

As he sat upright, the sun off the water lit up his face, showing the clear gray eyes with the lids somewhat puckered at the corners from much looking over parched landscapes in a hot sun. The rather hollow cheeks, clean cut from the prominent cheek-bones, gave him a lean wholesome appearance which spoke of clean living and hard work. The nose, with its slight aquiline suggestion and sensitive nostrils, marked the man bred to leadership, the type you find everywhere all along our far-flung border line.

The fair, sparse mustache did no more than just shade the mouth with its humorous turn of the corners—the mouth of one who could generally find something to laugh at, even when things looked worst; and the poise of the head on the sunburned neck gave you the idea of a man who was always looking forward, confident that whatever the future brought would be good, something worth the savoring, something to add to the store of pleasant recollections that made up the sum of life.

What a boy he looked! Of course he was only a boy still, for from the height of her twenty-two years Nan felt almost motherly towards this mere man babe of twenty-five summers, with his boyish alert figure. But why ever couldn't he be sensible?

"Why do you keep on talking about engagements and marriage and all that? Aren't we friends, Eldred, and isn't that enough for you? There's lots and lots of time to think of other things later on, if you still want to, that is. Do let's be happy now and enjoy life just as it is without any unnecessary complications. Isn't it good enough? Why do you want to go and spoil it all by worrying about

things that can't happen for years and years?"

"That's all very well, Nan," said the discontented Eldred, "but it's you that's talking nonsense, not me."

"I," corrected Nan. "You aren't even talking grammar, let alone sense."

"Oh, blow grammar. The point is, that I've asked you to marry me—asked you lots of times. . . ."

"Only five times this week," interposed Nan; "your average is going down, friend of mine."

"Asked you to marry me," persisted Eldred, ignoring the flippant interruption; "and each time you start some rot about my being a child, and not knowing what I'm talking about, and twaddle of that sort, as if I wasn't nearly three years older than you."

"A woman is always older, heaps older, than a man," began Nan sententiously.

"Oh, chuck it. We've heard all that before." Eldred's voice softened again. "Look, Nan, dearest, haven't I loved you for years and years, ever since I was a crammer's pup and you were a flapper in short-long skirts, just beginning to flap, so to speak?"

"Haven't I dreamed of you day and night these last four years in India? Haven't I come home specially to tell you so, since letters are such rotten unsatisfactory things? And now my leave's nearly up, and I'm going back next week, and you won't give me an answer."

"I have, Eldred; I've answered you dozens and dozens of times. I do like you ever so much,—more than most men,—but I don't want to marry anyone at present. You men are so queer. You don't seem able to be friends with a woman without wanting to get engaged at once. You want to hang a notice on her, 'Sold,' just like they do on musty old things at auctions."

It required some stretch of imagination to connect Nan's dainty freshness with musty bibelots at an auction.

"Nan, is that quite true? Is there nobody else at all?"

"Not a soul, Boy. I don't want to marry anyone. I enjoy life intensely as it is. What possesses you men to think that we women spend our days dreaming about getting married, as if it was the be-all and end-all of our lives?"

"So it ought to be. 'There's no pleasure in life but is sweetened by companionship, and no companionship half so sweet as marriage,'" said Eldred vigorously misquoting Burton. "Nan, do say you'll marry me. You know you love me. You said so yesterday. . . ."

"I didn't," said Nan, shifting her position lazily, and tucking her skirt tighter round her neat ankles, while a faint glow came into her cheeks. "I only said that . . . I liked you more than . . . lots of other men."

"Than anyone else I know" was the exact remark. Truth is even more than grammar, Nan," said Eldred. "If you like me more than anyone else, why don't you marry me?"

To his masculine mind this seemed quite unanswerable. Voices behind him caused him to turn.

"D——! There's the Nicholsons' punt," and round the bend came another punt with four people in it, and he never got another chance of proposing again that day—and though he made the most of such chances as he got in the few remaining days of his leave, he had finally to depart without the much-desired answer.

All he got was a promise that change of feelings on the subject, which he must realize were quite unlikely, would be duly reported. Also a little cameo ring, because he would write such mad letters and not fasten them properly, and as he hadn't a

signet ring he could have this one, which she hardly ever wore.

All cold comfort for a man whose whole world hung on her lightest breath, who literally worshiped the ground under her little high-heeled shoes.

The ring, perhaps, was the most comforting thing of all, since it showed that the "mad" letters were not unpleasing to the recipient. He used it at every port on the way out, and every mail after arriving in India. Each long letter, madder, more passionate than the last; each one a proposal in itself. Nan would answer fairly regularly in chatty, cheery letters, talking of every subject under the sun except the one about which the whole soul of the man hungered to hear. She was a good letter-writer, and had a knack of portraying in a few words the people she met, and giving her impressions of them.

At last he wrote to say that as all his letters did not seem to have the slightest effect, and she did not seem to know her own mind, he would stop writing until she did. Perhaps some of the men she was always talking about might help her to make it up, and then he might get an answer.

It was a foolish, ungentle letter to write; but the continual hungering for her was telling on him, and hope deferred is poor diet for a lovesick man. He hoped, in a misguided fashion, that it might force Nan's hand.

When he had posted it he was sorry, and waited longingly for the answer. But no answer came, for her letters stopped abruptly the very week that war broke out, which was the mail he calculated ought to have brought the answer.

In his pig-headedness he wouldn't even write when the regiment went on service to Africa. He had said that he would not write; and so he

didn't, though he would have given all the world to take back that foolish letter and continue on the old terms.

"Ismith sahib agie," said the lean Indian bugler to Ward, who stood at the parapet of Mirima Camp gazing down the long grass slope to the river, crossing whence the narrow bush-track wound upwards amid the tangled yellow grass and the queer-shaped aloes with their tall stems, looking for all the world like fantastic candelabra.

Behind him, in a patchwork of vivid African sunlight and heavy shadow, were the men's huts—rough little twisted grass affairs nestling among the tall cocoanut-palms of the scattered plantation, which, owing to its comparative openness, offered a suitable site for a camp both from the point of comfort and defense.

Lining the perimeter were a number of sepoys in various stages of dress and undress, but each with rifle and bandolier, hastily turned out at the alarm given by the lookout, who, perched in a high crow's nest on the tallest tree, had discerned the movement of troops in the bush below. A few minutes' tension, and then the recognition that they were friends—Indians, too; and then, as they drew nearer, men of the regiment and the keen-eyed bugler recognized the officer with them.

"By Jove! so it is," and Ward ran down the slope to greet his friend.

"Hulloa, old thing! You're looking fit. Somewhat different to what you were when I watched your stretcher going down six weeks ago." Smith had been invalided down with fever. "How long have you been out of hospital?"

"Three weeks or so; they sent me for a joy-ride to Nairobi after I got out. Then headquarters being full of wars and rumors of wars, they collected

all the 'fits' and a new draft and told me to bring 'em out here. Phew, it's hot and sticky today, and I've got *some* thirst. I've brought you down some beer, because I thought you would probably be weary of ration rum and muddy sparklet."

The column entered the camp and the men were instantly surrounded by groups of friends, all eager to hear the latest news, for post duty in East Africa is not the most thrilling of amusements, except when Brer Boche turns out in force, and then as a rule it is too thrilling to last long, or used to be in the first year of war, when Ward and Smith found themselves at Mirima.

The camp was ten miles from the next post, and the daily paper was not forthcoming daily, or even weekly, and mails were few and far between. Barring occasional shots with itinerant Hun patrols and patrolling towards Kigomani, a German post across the border some twelve miles to the south, existence at Mirima was, to say the least of it, monotonous. One's chief occupation was trying to keep one's men fit, and reducing, or endeavoring to reduce, the sick rate from fever. Of late both sides seemed to have adopted the "live and let live" policy.

The men were dismissed and the two officers walked over to the grass hut which served as dining-room and mess generally. At the back of it were the officers' tents, covered with thick grass roofs, in an endeavor to make them sunproof, but even with these additions it was safer to keep your helmet on inside in the middle of the day.

"Come and get a wash," said Ward, leading the way to his tent.

Smith unbuckled his straps, and slipping off his belt with its dangling attachments—revolver, glasses, water-bottle, and so forth—threw it down on the camp bed with a sigh of relief,

for he had been afoot since dawn, and it was now close on midday. He pulled off his turban and mopped his forehead, and then made for the washstand to sluice his head and arms in the tepid water.

Then lighting a cigarette he entered the mess-hut, where Ward was watching with thirsty eyes the boy unpacking a dozen precious bottles of Pilsener.

"Can't offer you much, I'm afraid. Whisky and sparklet; lime-juice and ditto; or your own beer. Which is it to be?"

"Lime-juice for the moment. We'll save the beer for tonight."

The Madrassi boy produced an aluminium mug and the one surviving glass tumbler, and measured out the lime-juice, filling it up with thick tepid sparklet, and handed the nectar to the Sahibs.

"Cheer-O," said Smith as he took a long gulp. "Here's luck," replied Ward. "The cook will have some grub up for you shortly. I expect you could do with a meal when you've dowsed that thirst a bit."

"Where's everyone?" inquired Smith.

"Brown, Elliot, and Co. are out on the usual patrol stunt, and the C.O.'s gone with them. They'll be back tonight. What's the latest from headquarters? Are we going to chase the square-head or is he going to come down on Mirima like a wolf on the fold? I wish he would, 'cos we've put in no end of work on the camp, and I wouldn't mind taking on several hundred of him now."

His glance traveled out of the door over the defenses of the camp, which were stoutly built, for the men had worked hard and the C.O. was of an engineering turn of mind, so that the camp would have stood quite a lot of enemy attention.

"Much talk of an advance farther

East, but then that's always on the tapis. I've brought down a couple of 'secret urgents' for the C.O., which looks hopeful. Also Edwards when he gave me the orders to come out here said I should probably be in time for something amusing."

Smith brushed a mosquito off his bare knee and reached for his drink. He was a cheery, irresponsible-looking subaltern, with light, rather rebellious hair, and a round boyish face with twinkling blue eyes. He never appeared to take anything seriously, not even his own C.O.; and if there was a muddy end to a stick, he would certainly get hold of it. But you could trust him to have a smile or a jest in the most impossible of circumstances, wherefore his brother officers and his men loved him exceedingly.

"Good egg," said Ward, filling his pipe. "Got a match on you?"

Smith dived into his haversack and tumbled out all sorts of odds and ends, for, like himself, it was very much in the schoolboy stage, and was always crammed with miscellaneous *objets d'art*—from old pipes to bits of string. In getting out the match-box he tumbled out some papers.

"Hulloa, I'd forgotten these. . . . There was a mail in the day I left, and I brought these letters along for you."

He sorted out the papers, and passed three letters over to Ward. "Hope I haven't lost any; I didn't count them."

There was a hungry expression on Ward's face as he leaned across for the letters. "Thanks muchly. Here's food coming. I'll just slip over to my tent and wash. I'll be back in a minute or two. Carry on with tiffin."

He went over to his tent, and, sitting down on his bed, looked over the letters quickly. A bill, a letter from his bankers, and one from a friend in France.

"Not even a card from her, and this must be after the New Year mail."

He stared out into the hot, white sunlight with blind, unseeing eyes, his mind back in the dear days on the sleepy river at home before the war—days redolent of sweet memories of Nan.

"Not even a little card at Christmas." True, he hadn't sent one, but then he had said that he wouldn't write. She could have sent him a card, for that wouldn't have meant anything at all—merely served to show him that he was not absolutely forgotten.

Mail after mail he had scanned his little packet of letters, hoping for the sight of her dear handwriting, and now the last of the Christmas mail had come and brought nothing. He looked at the postmarks: yes, one of them was dated 30th December, well after Christmas, so that even if she had forgotten the posting date for the Christmas mail, she must have remembered when the day itself came round.

Had she given up thought of him altogether? Was she hopelessly offended by that asinine letter of his? He longed to write to her, but his absurd obstinacy stood in the way. Just two months from now would be her birthday, and perhaps he could write a line for that, without climbing down from his pillar of senseless pride.

"Come along, Ward—tiffin's getting cold." Smith's voice broke in on his thoughts.

"Coming in half a second," and putting the letters in his pocket, he hastily washed and entered the mess-hut.

Late that evening the C.O., after reading the letters Smith had brought, sent for Ward.

"Little job for you, Ward. I want you to take your double company and push out towards Kigomani tomorrow. Camp this side of the river, and proceed for the next two or three days to disport yourself conspicuously in the presence of the enemy, and try to make him think that we are really up to something.

"There's a big show coming off down-stream the day after tomorrow, and I'm taking down the right wing to join in. Your job is to prevent the Huns withdrawing any of their troops from up this way. You can take Smith with you, as you will want a second B.O."

The early part of the night was spent by everyone except Elliot, who was cursing fate because his double company was to stop at Mirima, in getting ready for the morrow, overhauling kits, making loads of stores, and generally attending to the hundred and one details which precede a push of any sort.

Dawn next day saw Ward's double company trailing out of Mirima, a little column of 170 odd rifles and a machine-gun, accompanied by a string of fantastically clad (or should one say "ornamented"? for of clothing properly speaking there was hardly a trace) savages bearing load after load of ammunition, rations, bedding, and God knows what else balanced on their heads. Smith, with forty rifles, went ahead as advanced guard, while left and right in the bush could be seen the figures of the flankers as they passed across the occasional open spaces.

The march was uneventful, and they reached the spot selected for the camp without firing a shot or seeing any signs of the enemy other than the mute traces of his hand, which lay heavy on spoiled crop and village alike. Before falling back he had cleared the country effectually, and even when they reached the small village near which they intended to camp there was not a living thing to be seen anywhere.

Digging a perimeter camp a little way outside, Ward settled down for the night, feeling that they had reached the jumping-off point and that the morrow might be trusted to produce quite a lot of excitement. That afternoon he sent out a couple

of patrols across the river, which was just fordable at this point, and they had their first brush with the enemy on the way to Kigomani. Smith returned late in the evening very elated with his day's work.

"Rattled them no end this afternoon," he said on his return. "We bumped into a picket of theirs about a mile and a half across the river. They fell back like blazes, and we chased 'em like stink until we got to about a mile from Kigomani, and ran into something a good deal stronger. They began to get rid of lots of ammunition and seemed viciously inclined, and when they tried to get round my flanks I thought I'd better make tracks for home. We found two of their dead from the picket and think we bagged a couple more, and they never touched us. Fancy we shall be able to frighten them more than a little if we keep on same like stunts. They won't dare to send away any men as long as we are hanging about here, and as we've got the ford, they won't be able to get round behind us."

The ford in question was about 600 yards from the camp, and was the only one for seven or eight miles in either direction. Since there were no bridges the camp would be safe, and even if they stirred up a hornet's nest and had to fall back in a hurry, once across the river it would take the enemy all his time to force the passage; and if he tried to do so, well, he would be playing our game in the best of ways. But Ward felt that that was too much luck to hope for.

"Any machine-guns?" he queried.

"None in action anyway, but my orderly said he thought he saw one coming up just as we cleared out. Probably it was, because anything over about fifty square-heads generally has a machine-gun in tow. Wonder why they didn't use it?"

"Wanted you to come a bit closer, I expect. They generally try to draw on patrols that way. You suddenly find yourselves with their machine-guns on either flank, and then unless you're nippy, you're for it proper. A patrol I sent out last week got had that way. By the grace of God they only lost one man, and the rest went to ground and came away quick. Well, tomorrow we'll go out in force and scare them a bit more, and when they're fairly buzzing we'll wander home again."

Next morning they went out with the greater part of the double company, crossed the river, over which a picket was left to ensure the road home, and proceeded toward Kigomani. Evidently they were expected, for they were fired on early: presumably by a few men placed on the roads in front, because when they got up to the place whence the shots had come there were no trenches—only a handful of empty '410 cartridge cases.

"Arab screens on the paths," said Ward. "We shall find something interesting soon. Tell those scouts of yours to keep their eyes skinned, and the flankers to keep wide. We want to make gentle advances, but we don't want to be drawn into any specially loving embraces."

The column slowed down a little, while the advanced guard nosed forward once more until they got close to the scene of the previous day's scrap, when they were greeted by a ragged shower of lead—one bullet passing through Smith's turban.

"Near thing," he muttered. "Hi, extend!! *phailjao jaldi!*" and the advance guard "*phailjaoed*" off on either side of the path, pushing up to the scouts, who, halted a little way ahead, were endeavoring to locate the exact position of the enemy.

He appeared to be posted on the

far side of a clearing full of crops, but exactly how many of him was difficult to say. A large baobab among the trees beyond the clearing attracted Smith's attention, as he fancied he saw something moving in it; so he turned a few rifles on to it. Baobabs are always worth a little attention in bush warfare, for they occasionally grow quaint fruit in the shape of snipers and sometimes machine-guns.

Ward came running up to where Smith was standing behind a tree busily with his glasses.

"What do you make of it?" he asked. "Is this where they stopped you yesterday?"

"No; we were stopped a bit farther back, and didn't reach this clearing. Judging by the fire, I should say they've got forty or fifty men there. If we're going to turn them out, we ought to do it quick, or they'll be getting up supports from Kigomani."

"I'm going to have a biff now. There's goodish cover leading up on the left, so just slip back and get hold of the right half 'F,' and see if you can get round and shift them. You may be able to get on to the Kigomani track again behind them. I'll go across the clearing and hold them, so as to give you a chance of getting round unnoticed. Tell the M.G. detachment to come into action on my right, just where Sultan Ali is. They'll be able to comb out anything that shows in the trees, besides getting an oblique fire."

Smith doubled away, and Ward continued watching the enemy's position, from which a fairly incessant though not excessively heavy fire continued to come. One of the scouts was being carried off, shot through the thigh. As far as Ward could make out, the enemy appeared to be about 450 yards off; but distances in crops are deceptive.

Some of the scouts were already

worming their way forward supported by the fire of the advanced guard strung out in line. Presently the remainder of the company came up and spread out to join them, and Ward gave the order to advance just as the machine-gun began to spit away on his right. As the advance began, the enemy's fire increased, but it was not very accurate, and on the left where Smith had gone things seemed quite quiet.

As they advanced, however, the fire grew steadily heavier. Apparently the enemy were being reinforced. Also, ominous sign, away on the left burst out the sudden rattle of a machine-gun.

The line, checked for the moment by the now really heavy fire, stopped and blazed away merrily at the thicker growth ahead, whence the growing volume of fire, the continuous droning in the air, and the "whit, whip" among the maize stalks, with now and then the dull "plunk" as a bullet found something which, though compared to the grass of the field, is not exactly maize stalks, showed that the enemy was in force.

"Looks as if Brer Boche is in strength this morning," thought Ward, as he called up the supporting section. "Hope Smith's not in trouble."

He was kneeling down in the crops adjuring various chump-headed Punjabis to shoot straight, when an orderly came tearing up to him with a note from Smith.

Enemy about 100 strong in front with a M.G. Can't get on any farther without help. Have several men hit. Am about 200 yards from the enemy, who, I think, are being reinforced.

As he read the scrawl, a still heavier burst of fire all along his line, followed by the unmistakable rattle of one, if not two machine-guns to the right of his line, told him that the foe were decidedly superior. He saw the stretcher party

with their hands more than full, and his words to Smith the previous evening came back, "Unless you're nippy you're for it proper."

Nothing further was to be gained by pressing the attack, which would be foredoomed to failure, for the enemy was in much greater strength—so now for the ticklish part of the proceedings, having twisted the leopard's tail, to get out of reach quickly.

As he pulled out his notebook, a nasty blow on the shoulder nearly knocked him over backwards. "Stopped one this time. . . . No! that was luck; a dud of sorts, perhaps came through a tree," for barring the broken skin and the rapidly swelling flesh, there seemed to be no harm done.

He scribbled a couple of lines to Smith:

Time to go now. You will fall back at once and get across the path behind us. Pass up word when you're there, and then we'll come through you, and you follow us as rear-guard.

He dispatched the note, and passing word down the line to open as heavy a fire as possible, told the machine-gun detachment to sweep the bush on the left front where a certain amount of movement showed.

Ten minutes later word reached him that Smith had got into position behind him, and he fell back in orderly fashion. The enemy's fire redoubled in volume, but luckily only a couple of men were hit, and they quickly passed through Smith's line.

"Belt it into 'em if they follow," called Ward to Smith as he passed.

"Right-O. There's a few of them coming on now, I think."

"Try and hold them off for a few minutes until we get well started, and then follow us," and Ward hurried on after his men.

A few minutes saw the column col-

lected and swinging down the track to the river, the wounded having been sent on in front. Behind him Ward could hear the firing getting heavy, and presently a panting orderly dashed up with another message from Smith:

Enemy pretty close on me now. Can you halt a few men to support me and scare them off?

Ward halted two sections and the machine-gun on the far side of a ravine, and, sending on the rest of the double company, stopped for Smith to catch up.

A minute or two later the first of Smith's command appeared, doubling towards them, and the firing drew nearer. Then more of them emerged from the edge of the bush beyond the ravine, and bullets began to buzz about the place.

Ward counted the men, thirty-seven so far; there could only be half a dozen more at most, and Smith himself, who would be sure to be at the tail. Yes, there he was. Ward just caught a glimpse of him in the bush with a few men, and almost at the same time the first of the pursuers came into view.

Why didn't the silly old bird buck up and bolt across the ravine? The enemy couldn't be fifty yards from him now. Surely he could see Ward and his men. He shouted to the machine-gunned to open on the enemy quickly, and as he shouted the order, he saw Smith collapse into the bushes, and a new wave of the enemy burst forward.

"Maro! Maro jaldi!" he yelled as he saw three of the remaining four men with Smith, who were trying to pick him up, go down one after another. The enemy halted at the burst of fire from Ward's party, but from the extent of their front it was obvious that they were in considerable strength.

Ward thought of a bayonet charge to rescue Smith, but as the idea crossed his mind, he saw the last man with Smith turn and leave him, and come rushing across the ravine with bullets chipping the trees and kicking up the dust all round, while the enemy surged forward to the spot where Smith lay. As the man drew near he saw it was Smith's orderly. He came up with stony face and held out a revolver, while in short staccato phrases he announced that the sahib was dead with three bullets in him, that he and the others had tried to get him away, but that the others had been knocked out, and so he had to content himself with bringing away the sahib's revolver, and the place was thick with enemy.

"It is, undoubtedly," reflected Ward as the fire grew still heavier in front and began to spread round the flanks.

Hard as it was to go, it was quite clear that unless they went quickly they would not go at all, and the double company would be minus both its officers and its machine-gun. So he set his teeth, and with a final burst of fire into the spot where all that was left of Smith lay, he reluctantly gave the order to fall back once more.

Followed a nightmare of a march for close on three miles, perpetually halting to threaten the pursuers, once even compelled to a bayonet charge against an enterprising party who tried to outflank them, until weary and dejected they reached the river and found the bulk of the company lining the farther bank.

Ward crossed with the last of his men, breast-deep in the running water. The man in front of him stuck as he tried to get up the steep bank just as the first of the pursuers' bullets began to sing across the river. Ward hastily shoved him up the bank, and as he did so felt something slip

off his wet finger, and only as he tumbled over the top of the bank into comparative safety did he realize that Nan's little cameo ring had vanished into the stream.

The enemy spread out along the opposite bank, and a desultory fire opened like the last heavy drops of a passing thunderstorm; but although a certain amount of sniping lasted till well after nightfall, they made no attempt to cross, and next day had evidently withdrawn the bulk of their force.

That morning a message came in from Mirima to say that the operations downstream had been successful, and that the remainder of the regiment would join him next day, as a post was to be established on the river. Until they arrived, he was to content himself with holding the ford.

As he sat in his dark tent that night it seemed to him as if everything had gone wrong with the world. He had done his job all right (later he learned that so far from the enemy withdrawing men from Kigomani, they had actually started to reinforce it), and he had done it cheaply, all things considered. But the loss of Smith spoiled the whole show—it was such wicked bad luck to get done in in a rotten little side show. Poor old Smith. To have to leave him like that. Thank the Lord, he was dead before the Askaris reached him.

He struck a match to light his pipe, and as he did so noticed the absence of Nan's ring. And that had gone too! Did it mean that everything was going? Was he going to lose her too? If that was so, why the devil hadn't they got him instead of Smith?

Now that the strain of action was over he felt absolutely done up, and though not normally superstitious, he felt tonight as if this was to be the end of everything for him.

He got up and walked out of the tent, out among the sleeping men, and stood looking up at the brilliant stars, seeking in the northern sky one little star which Nan always used to call her star in those days at home, how many centuries ago? He had seen it only the night before last, low on the horizon, and thought that it formed a

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(To be concluded.)

Ganpat.

link between them. Tonight he looked in vain; it had gone, sunk below the formless black mass of this hateful land, which seemed to take everything and give nothing. Nan's star, Nan's ring,—both gone.

He turned and walked back to the tent feeling that everything was black, black, black.

TWO EXILES.

It is not to be supposed that it is through any lack of enterprise or any love of the humdrum life that the Beattie boys are content to follow the patient and secluded calling of the shepherd; nor that Adam, the banker, had shown any special spirit of adventure in going back on the family tradition. For the three remaining brothers—though all are equally devoted to the charge of sheep—are living lives as far removed from one another and amid surroundings as remote as well could be imagined. It is some years now since I received an inquiry from a firm of Liverpool merchants as to whether I could recommend an unmarried shepherd of good experience, willing to undertake the charge of sheep on a small island in the Southern Atlantic. The terms were generous, but the conditions were, I thought, rather severe. For the island, until the arrival of the shepherd in question, was uninhabited, and he was not to expect any visit from the outside world more than twice or three times in the course of the year. But there was a comfortable hut, and the climate was said to be excellent. It was clearly a case for a Beattie, and I had the good fortune, at a lamb sale at Dalwoodie a week or two later, to find all three brothers together. There we sat on the fence of an empty pen while I brought

out the map that had been sent to me and laid the case before them.

It was clear at once that there was no question of refusing the offer, and the idea of being thus marooned on a little speck in the far waste places of the map did not present itself as a drawback. For a Beattie is only lonely when divorced from his sheep. (Adam must often be lonely, one would say, in the bank!) It was therefore only a question of which of the three should go. Matthew was ruled out as he was a married man, and it was understood in any case that the eldest son belonged to Minnygap. But James and David were free to go.

And so Matthew took two matches from his pocket and broke one of them in half, and they drew lots for it. David drew the broken match, and James became the shepherd of Shaggy Rock. Matthew got down from his perch as soon as the point was settled.

"Ye'll want a guid dog, Jamie lad," said he. "I'm thinkin' I'll need tae let ye tak' wee Tibbie here. She's a terrible wiselike beast."

"Aye, I'd like fine tae tak' Tibbie," said James. And that settled the matter of the exile's equipment. He sailed from Liverpool shortly after.

James writes home regularly when occasion offers, but his letters are seldom of much general interest. He always reports the number of "twins fol-

lowing" at the close of the lambing and the general state of the stock. There is a good deal of obscure discussion of the incidence and treatment of peculiar diseases that crop up. There is generally some point on which Matthew is advised to consult the vet when next he sees him. (Not that a Beattie ever yet learned anything from a vet; it is purely a matter of form.) And there is always detailed news of the dogs, Tibbie and her descendants and successors. But we have not yet gathered from his letters any idea of Jamie's way of life or frame of mind in that far-distant place. We must suppose that all goes well with him, for there is no word of his coming back.

In one only of his letters had Jamie thrilling news to tell—rather in the spirit of one who, being himself at the heart of things, made haste to enlighten his less fortunate friends living far from the great world in Crashie Howe. For he told how, seated one day on a rock on the heights of his domain, he had witnessed the closing stages of a very famous naval action, far out on the summer sea.

I do not know if David was disappointed that the lot had not fallen upon him, but it so happened that he also left Crashie Howe, and he also is tending sheep within a little hospitable tract of pasture, completely surrounded and cut off, far from the friendly marches of neighboring farms. Only he does not live in a hut. He lives in lodgings in a narrow street and goes to and from his work by motor 'bus. David is in sole charge of a flock of Southdowns in a London park.

I think he is the more lonely of the two, and there is a certain just resentment in his mind from which James is wholly free. Shaggy Rock may have its disadvantages, but after all there is

no one to blame. It belongs to the order of things; it carries good pasture for stock; it is essential that there should be sheep upon it, and that implies a shepherd. Jamie's exile is just and inevitable. But David is not surrounded by the harmless sea. He is shut in by London, and London from his point of view is a bad neighbor, needlessly interfering at every turn with the proper freedom and dignity, the comfort, and the unfettered life of sheep. Jamie is as one who has led his community out into the desert, but David is as one cut off, beleaguered by hostile forces. It is bewildering for a dog to work—even one of Tibbie's pups—in a roar of traffic, when he cannot hear his master's voice. On the wildest stretch of Holmfell David has never lost his way, however thick the mist, but he fumbles aimlessly about in a London fog, misled by distracting sounds and voices, bothered by the sameness of park railings. And he is daily distressed and humiliated by the atrocious color of his sheep and the soot that clings to him when he handles them.

Still, I don't think David will give up his job. He is enormously impressed with the quality of the pasture—there are good sheltering trees and no lack of water. The place would make an incomparable sheep-farm—were it not for London. I fancy him in idle moments dreaming of what it would be if he could get rid of this surrounding incubus, and how he would fashion it to his mind. The railings would give place to a dry-stone dyke. He would build the steading on that little knoll by the gate, cut down those two old oaks for stobs for fencing, and when he had enclosed the corner by the house he would break it up to give him turnips for the winter. The flower-beds could be sown with rape. He would have his dipper above the lake; and he would take a crop of

hay off the top corner beyond the road. And, finally, he would get rid of these ponderous Southdowns and send to Scotland for some honest blackfaced ewes. Thus he looks on with unseeing eyes at the passing stream of children

The Manchester *Guardian*.

and perambulators, hoops, and bowler hats—wondering where in the world in that placid sheep-farm that he has conjured up he is going to find a bog-hole where he can cut his peats.

Bertram Smith.

LABOR AND THE WAR.

Since this war began there has been increasing wonder as to why the Government (not only that now in office but the two that preceded it as well) have shown such little understanding of the British workingman. This at least is certain—that their treatment of him has been no more successful, judged by results, than it has been dignified. No doubt the British workingman wants knowing. He has the defects as well as the virtues of his race. In fact, he is British through and through, and the handling of him should therefore present no insoluble problems, no excursions into the unknown, for British statesmanship. Doubtless he is a highly mettlesome steed, who requires horsemanship in the true management of him; but that is exactly the art in which successive Ministers have been conspicuously lacking. Their management has rather resembled that of Mr. Winkle on horseback—it has consisted of a total forbearance from control and a nervous anxiety manifested in feeble neck-pattings and endearing apostrophes as to what the creature would do next. It is not surprising if, under such handling, Labor, again like Mr. Winkle's horse, has occasionally shown a disconcerting tendency to "go sideways." Successive Governments have shrunk from telling the workingman, in firm language, just what he must do. Or, rather, Ministers have now and again said that this or that *must* be done; and

when it came to the point, they have shrunk from seeing that it was done. They have capitulated ignominiously, and have sought escape from the conflict of will by granting an increase of wages or other benefits and exemptions, until the workingman has had every excuse for believing that it was he and not the Government that was in the saddle, and that the orders issued to him were not really dictated by the necessities of the hour. And every failure to insist on what had been demanded has weakened the influence of the Government and made the next exertion of authority more difficult.

That the British workingman is sound at the core is evident enough. Otherwise he would not have remained obdurate to all the incessant machinations to which he has been left exposed, without any effort to check or counteract them. When one reflects on the enormous expenditure of energy and money which has been made by pacifist and syndicalist organizations in their effort to turn British Labor away from its allegiance to the British cause—when one considers the needless irritation and the inevitable strain to which Labor has been subjected—the marvel is not that so much disturbance, but that so little has been achieved. The workingman is just as good a Briton as anyone else. He wants, as much as anyone else, to see his own side win, and he is not in the smallest degree infected with the

poison of internationalism. He is a good friend and a good fighter; and if he is also inclined to grouse, especially when he is well off, he does not in that respect differ from the British soldier himself, who is, in fact, the working-man in khaki. The picture of him painted by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and his friends—the picture familiarized by the late Walter Crane's decorative designs—has no relation to fact at all. They would have us believe that the British workingman is a creature who spends all his leisure, after the domestic pieties have been discharged, in reading the *Labor Leader* and attending I.L.P. lectures, who abhors beer and despises sport, and whose greatest ambition is to clasp some foreign proletarian by the hand and to join with him in singing "The Red Flag." The reality is not like that at all. We know it, to take only one sign, from the circulation of the *Labor Leader*. The British workingman is one of like passions with ourselves, and with a very decided prepossession for his own country. Is it to be supposed that he is unmindful that the men who are holding the line in France are for the most part men of his own household and workshop—men that he has lived and worked with all his life, and that he will have to live and work with again?

We say that the British working-man is incapable of such treachery to his kind as is contemplated by the promoters of the Stockholm Conference and by the wire-pullers who secured the misrepresentation of his sentiments at the recent Labor Party's Conference. If there has been any indication to the contrary, it has been because the appeal to Labor has been maladroit, and the management of it

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clumsy. Instead of exhortations and coaxings and bribings, it was only necessary to assume that the workers of this country were Britons first and Trade Unionists second; and to act on that assumption firmly and consistently. Nearly all the strikes that have occurred have resulted merely from temper that need never have been aroused. As for questions of Trade Union privileges, the Trade Unionist knows by a sure instinct that their maintenance is in the hands of the armies in France, and not of the mischief-makers at home; and that a German triumph would mean the death-knell of all that organized labor has won for itself through generations of struggle and sacrifice. Mr. Bernard Shaw expressed the heart of the matter very well the other day when he said that there was nothing to discuss at Stockholm. Either Germany would win the war or we should; and if Germany won, she would skin us alive. Apart from the humiliation of being beaten in the fight, the British working-man, no more than anyone else, looks forward to being skinned alive. But above and beyond that, there is his loyalty to his comrades at the front—the millions of men who are of his own class, and who will one day come back to ask an account of the stewardship of those whom they have left at home. The fighting man is going to make himself felt when he gets back, and it will not be pleasant for such as cannot look him in the face. No, the workingman is sound enough; the fault lies in his managers, who have offered him everything but what he wanted—strong and confident leadership. When his mates come back from the war they will be able to tell something of the value of such leadership.

ON WINNING THE WAR OUTRIGHT.

When the War broke out in the early days of August, 1914, a leading newspaper maintained that the right course for England was to preserve a strict neutrality in the War, and make the belligerents pay her indifferently for the privilege and luxury of fighting it out. The same paper now maintains that it is a mistake to hold on to the end, and that an inconclusive Peace now would pay better than a decisive Peace later on. It has placed a blunderbuss containing these opinions in the hands of our great novelist of today, Mr. H. G. Wells, and he is content to fire it off under the title of "A Reasonable Man's Peace." It is the Peace of a man who knows a great deal about human affairs, and human nature, but who lacks knowledge of the one thing needful—which is human History. Historic synthesis has been the one sense lacking in most of Mr. Wells's brilliant series of historical predictions. The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt seems to us more correct in his diagnosis, when he writes in his Introduction to Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book, "Towards the Goal," that of all the noxious weeds, that flourished rankly in the pre-War period, the most noxious was professional pacifism. "The professional pacifist has at times festered in the diseased tissue of almost every civilization; but it is only within the last three-quarters of a century that he has been a serious menace to the peace of justice and righteousness. In consequence, decent citizens are only beginning to understand the base immorality of his preaching and practice; and he has been given entirely undeserved credit for good intentions. In England as in the United States, domestic pacifism has been the most potent ally of alien militarism."

Common sense forbids that the theory, which to a very large extent engendered the War, shall have a main finger in dictating the terms of Peace. The heresies of this theory, among others, were that Peace was to be had for the asking, that there was nothing specially precarious in the status of small States, and that it was more important to concern ourselves with the pre-occupations of International Trade than those of National Insurance, and more vital to make good customers than good patriots. These theorists overlooked the danger of the arrogance of national superiority linked with a strong insuperable faith in the efficacy of a *Grande Armee*. The Germans had gone on building up this creed steadily from 1864 to 1914 and with it a scarce credible conviction of the supremacy of Germans in industry, trade, agriculture, science, history, strength, appetite, culture and attractiveness, no less than in arms. We have all been bitten by the same madness, but humor has gradually inoculated us against the worst effects of the poison. With such a robust patient and such a robust creed as that of Germany completely devoid of humor, it is difficult to effect a cure without crippling the subject a little. For, in fact, the case of Prussia, hatched from a cannon ball and with war for a national industry, is a unique one. No one ever lusted for war as Bernhardi and Little Willy have done. Gustavus, Cromwell, Frederick, Napoleon regarded war as a job that had to be fulfilled, but they never lusted after it and looked for "bloody murder" like the Kaiser's General Staff. Wellington hated war and so do most soldiers of forty who have seen their friends killed all around them. And so the pacifist idea of laughing war out of court, denouncing

it as the plaything of a peculiar people called militarists, and pretending that it was a bogey too terrible really to exist can hardly be regarded as anything but a dismal and disastrous failure.

Much tumid talk has thus been developed about the benevolence of democracy, the virtue of the principle of no annexation, the benefits to be derived from Leagues of Peace, and the wickedness of boycotting an unsuccessful belligerent. And with this talk has gone a persistent ignoring of the hitherto unrepresented force of the Army which is winning the War, of the fact that we have had to invoke a large measure of spontaneous militarism to combat the premeditated militarism of our enemies, and that the Press comments and omniscient persiflage—which has biased so many decisions in the past—is bound to count for very little in the present. Pacifists in the past have oftentimes been warm advocates of Napoleon in opposition to their native country. In their insistent demand for Peace at once, at almost any cost, we discover them at the present day to have found even stranger bed-fellows among the cynics, who would reduce the decisions of War to a farce; and the international financiers, whose chief preoccupation it is to make history pay. In their anxiety to prevent Europe from bankrupting itself, many of these are anxious to arrive at a *modus vivendi* with Germany upon almost any terms. They do not want to liquidate Europe, they do not want to rectify Frontiers, they are not in the least anxious about the future of Alsace, the wrongs of Poland, or the rights of Bohemia; the most they would concede would be a moderate indemnity to Belgium, which a little astuteness on the part of the belligerents would enable them to extort from the neutrals, most of them

small and defenseless States who have filled their pockets at the expense of the belligerents. A big Bulgaria would probably to them be the safest solution to the Balkan difficulty, Berlin might surely swallow Byzantium since Russia professes not to want it; they would wink at Bagdad, smile broadly when the restoration of Colonies was mooted, and pooh pooh the idea of France obtaining more than a face-saving slice of Southern Alsace.

But let us, for a moment, look at realities; it is no good being too idealistic at the close of such a War, war with its brutal opportunisms and cruel necessities, a War which has compelled us all to Prussianize to a certain extent. If we can only adopt moderately decent European views, it will be more than any Peace Congress has done heretofore, truer to history, and better after all than either force or quixotism. One fact has emerged, conspicuous for the world to digest in 1918, and that is that England is the cornerstone of the Alliance, the veritable keystone of the arch, without which the structure would dissolve into fragments. The Pact of London is going to be what the Treaty of Chaumont was in 1814, and Balfour will take the place that Metternich did in '14, Clarendon in '56, Bismarck in '78, and he will concern himself very little with the fantastic ideas which agitate the mind of Mr. Wells, such as the internationalization of Africa, the neutralizing of Turkey, and the assuring of the Germans against a universal boycott. Internationalism has always been the dream of small States, from Gentile and Grotius until the present day, and experience of it does not justify optimism. Condominiums in a corner are bad enough; but a European Board and Concert (*absit omen!*) to manage all Africa! Why, the

imagination reels! International control of any kind is a difficult and delicate matter at the best. The men who have to exercise it come from foreign States, and are almost certain to be suspicious of one another, for they serve two masters. Each of them represents a nation, whose interests—rather than those of the people he is supposed to look after—are likely to be his first care. Such a plan would provoke more wars than even the future could sustain. The attempt to neutralize Turkey has been the rock against which we have been running our heads for over a century, and the fear of the Germans that they are going to be boycotted is a perfectly unreal one. Think of the knocks and of the insults, both above the belt and below, that we have given and taken from our dearest allies, and consider seriously whether such qualities as the dogged persistence, the positiveness, the energy, the ability, and the massive industry of our enemies of today, are susceptible of being ostracized for long in such a world as that we live in.

The points in debate *must* surely be more concentrated and more concrete than this. The first is Strasburg, I needn't dilate on this. It is the spectacular grand cross of the whole conflict, and unless we are prepared to hand it over to France as the symbol of victory and chivalry, our coalition will have failed in its supreme object. Antwerp and all that it implies (which is a good deal) goes without saying. Then there is Trieste, which belongs to Italy. Mazzini, one of the most republican and democratic of men in some ways, declares it to be Italy's postern gate. And if Trieste is the postern gate to Italy, Constantinople is the front door to Russia! It stands first for the age-long crusade, it has cemented the unity of the Muscovite Empire, and then it stands for the

championship of Balkania; it is the predestined capital of the Russian world, and one equipped like Antwerp or Singapore to become one of the commercial centers of the modern world. A country cannot repudiate the idea which has magnetized the whole of its history. The French Revolution began in a similar way by repudiating such conquests—we shall see! But it is obvious that either Germany or Russia is bound to control the Straits. We must look after ourselves at Basra, and as to Africa, the task of securing ultimate interests with due regard to the Union in the South, France in the Northwest and England in the Northeast, will occupy our full attention. Then, without being pedantic about Home Rule, we must do our best for the Jugoslavs, and whatever we can for Bohemia and the Poles. The integrity and impartiality of America should make her an invaluable referee of all these near Eastern questions. The object of a Peace Congress after all is to settle the map of Europe for as long as possible in accordance with the issue that the warriors shall have decided. The nearer such a settlement can approximate the decisions of Mars, the securer it will be. The Congress of 1878, which was mainly effected by non-belligerents, was probably the most cynical and unjust of all European settlements recorded by history. Our suspicions of Russia were then as gross as Germany's of us are today, and the libels as cruel as those of Europe against us during the Boer War.

But to precipitate peace, to "hurry up" negotiations, to hurl paper knives and drive Congress along by strokes of a whip, as Bismarck did in 1878, is sure to be prolific of sorrow. It was somewhat the same in 1763 and 1713. An extreme impatience to finish quickly was most prejudicial to the in-

terests of the smaller fry, always the ones to suffer most. It was characteristic of the Congress of 1878, that, in contrast to its two predecessors, it carefully avoided every larger issue, every humanitarian question, any attempt at building up the law of nations. It is true that the Peace Society presented a petition, but this was taken charge of by Bismarck, and naturally nothing more was heard of the matter. The plenipotentiaries slept while the Greeks were pleading the cause of their country. The Great Powers did not intend to allow their deliberations to be embarrassed by the presence, the prayers, or the protests of the small States. Chimerical schemes for perpetual peace—as illusory as these for perpetual motion—do not, it is true, deserve much encouragement. If the Congress gets to work with men of intellect, force and breed, insensible to popular clamor and ignorance (such as the shallow humor that decries diplomatists, just

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as these who have never encountered death or a settlement deery doctors and solicitors) we shall get peace assured for sixty years. That is enough for reasonable men; we cannot make peace a perpetual entail. To ensure against snap wars the safe thing is national service all round, without wrangling, and no possible exceptions. Those who serve in the place of honor with severe competitive head work, or on the ground of physical fitness, risk and courage, should get more voting power and less taxes. Conspiracies to enforce peace have one ending only, that of provoking war. The whole world bent exclusively on peace cannot operate or even prepare effectively against a single heavy weight intent upon war. If the experience of the present time has brought that home to England, as it has brought it home to the majority in Europe and America, the cause of humanity will at least have gained something.

Thomas Seccombe.

AN EXODUS IN AMERICA.

In the period before the war there was for America no social fact to compare in importance with the volume of the immigrant stream. Year by year the United States gave harborage to more than a million newcomers—drawn from every country and race in Europe. Many thousands of these, belonging mostly to the Mediterranean peoples, did not become American citizens. They went westward without intending to break away from their old homes. The vast majority of the immigrants, however, went with the purpose of remaining in the New World. The war checked, and in a short time practically stopped, the stream; and, as a consequence, American agriculture and industry, strained

to the utmost by the demand of a world in conflict, are suffering from a shortage of labor unexampled since the expansion which followed the Civil War. The first winter of the war was marked in the United States by widespread unemployment and by acute distress in all the large cities. During the past two years labor has grown increasingly scarce. The land and every trade are clamoring for men; and, as the war organization advances and the Military Service Law levies its toll upon the man-power of the country, the situation must increase in difficulty. In the North and Middle West the results are sufficiently noticeable. Organized labor becomes more powerful, and a great impetus is

given to the systematic Americanization of the foreign-born. In the South the results are even more momentous. They amount already to something that may not improbably be the beginning of a social revolution—for the Negroes are on the move.

The present northward exodus of colored people has its immediate occasion in the opportunities created by the stoppage of European immigration. But it has long been evident that the old order in the Southern States was approaching its end. Industrialism is gaining rapidly. Not only is the Cotton Belt producing varied crops, but it is in process of becoming one of the great food and cattle exporting regions of the world. The Negroes, moreover, are acquiring education, and no small proportion of them a share of the general prosperity. Before the present generation had passed away the old would in any case have been driven to change its inherited attitude towards the colored population; but we may assume that it would have done so with exceeding slowness if the war in Europe had not started a movement against which neither land-owner nor capitalist can argue.

Until recently the Negro in the Northern States was, roughly speaking, restricted to certain occupations that are unskilled and outside the range of organized labor. Today he is being welcomed on the farms of New England and the Middle West and in the industrial centers, where hitherto the employer has not wanted him and the white workman has regarded him as a dangerous intruder. In Chicago, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and many other cities large numbers of Negroes are found in factories and workshops where, until lately, the colored man was never admitted even as a visitor. This is especially true of the iron and steel works and the munition factories, while many thousands have

been absorbed by the railroads and street railway companies. The wildest statements as to the extent of the movement find currency in the American Press. The Department of Labor in Washington has been compiling information, but its conclusions are not yet available, and from other quarters trustworthy figures cannot be obtained. One association of colored people calculated that between September and April last over 308,000 had emigrated. Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, a careful authority, gave in his monthly *The Crisis* (June), the conjecture that altogether about 250,000 colored workmen have left the South. As by this time a large proportion are settled with their families, Dr. Du Bois's estimate would seem to imply that the total may be over three-quarters of a million—including immense contingents from Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina. It is not difficult to understand the readiness of the large industrial corporations to recruit their labor in the South. The colored man has a standard of living lower than that of even the most depressed European worker; he is more easily managed; he is outside the scope of revolutionary propaganda; and the white trade unionist is, for the most part, hostile to him. On the other hand, however, his advent in numbers may be a great danger. The recent pitched battles in St. Louis have revealed the horrors that may, only too easily, be precipitated when the suspicion prevails that the employers are using colored labor to destroy the power of trade unionism.

The Southern newspapers provide evidence of the alarm which is felt throughout the Southern States, and particularly in the cotton region. Some of them, anxious to avoid a disagreeably obvious conclusion, contend that the cause of the migration is specific and temporary. If, they say,

there had been no floods last year, and if the boll weevil were not ravaging the cotton plantations, the Negroes would never have been induced to go North. They don't want more money if it means harder work; they need a soft climate; the relations in the South between the races were never so good as they are today. This is the orthodox line of argument pursued by the organs of the Old South, but it makes a feeble show against the testimony on the other side. The spokesmen of the Negro are unanimous. The colored people, they affirm, are migrating because the South has stolen their political rights and curtailed their civil rights, because it refuses common justice to the Negro and education to his children, because it segregates him in the cities, condemns him to the Jim Crow car, refuses to respect his property, and holds over him the ultimate terror of mob violence and Judge Lynch. The attraction, in a word, is irresistible: first, because of the almost unlimited opportunity offered by the North and West, and secondly, because migration is the best means of self-defense and, as the ablest of their leaders puts it, the most effective protest against Southern lynching, lawlessness and general devilry. Elsewhere Dr. Du Bois points out that after the war the demand for black workers in the North will continue, because not for a generation will immigration from Europe rise to appreciable figures. He adds:

There are not jobs for everybody; there is no demand for the lazy and casual; but trained, honest, colored laborers are welcome in the North at good wages, just as they are lynched in the South for impudence. Take your choice!

Here, as in regard to most of the problems touching his people, Dr. Du Bois takes the more downright and defiant position, while from Tuskegee, the in-

stitution which carries on the tradition and spirit of Booker Washington, a different note is heard. "Come out from among them" is the cry of Dr. Du Bois; Tuskegee, on the contrary, is in effect the ally of those Southern authorities which are trying—by means of municipal ordinances or severe license fees—to restrain the Negro. Its argument is that the temptation from the North is overborne by the new opportunity offered by the South, for only there can the Negro be a landholder, and today he may become an owner of real estate "on practically self-imposed terms."

It may perhaps be assumed that educated American opinion, outside the Old South, rejoices over every influence which tends to raise the condition of the colored people; and, doubtless, the more optimistic would like to believe that, should the present movement continue unchecked for a few years, the obstinate and menacing racial problems of the United States will be greatly eased by the working of economic forces. One thing is beyond dispute: if the South is to hold the population without which, apparently, its immense potential resources cannot be developed, the Southern whites must abandon their traditional attitude and address themselves to the task of reconstructing their society upon a scheme which will admit the Negro to the full rights of citizenship. Meanwhile, it cannot be forgotten that for the Negro himself migration is not equivalent to liberation. Under existing conditions it involves increased congestion in the colored quarter of every large city, additional problems of sanitation and public health, and of administration in the schools, colleges, and military camps; while throwing upon organized labor, on a greatly extended scale, the task of finding a principle of harmony and co-operation between the manifold elements—An-

glo-Saxon and Scandinavian, Central and Southern European, and African—

The New Statesman.

of a consciously organized industrial democracy.

S. K. R.

V. A. D.

There's an angel in our ward as keeps
a-flittin' to and fro
With fifty eyes upon 'er wherever she
may go;
She's as pretty as a picture and as
bright as mercury,
And she wears the cap and apron of a
V. A. D.

The Matron she is gracious and the
Sister she is kind,
But they wasn't born just yesterday
and lets you know their mind;
The M. O. and the Padre is as thought-
ful as can be,
But they ain't so good to look at as our
V. A. D.

She's a honorable miss because 'er
father is a dook,
But, Lord, you'd never guess it and it
ain't no good to look
For 'er portrait in the illustrated papers,
for you see
She ain't an advertiser, not our
V. A. D.

Punch.

Not like them that wash a tea-cup in
an orficer's canteen
And then "Engaged in War Work" in
the weekly Press is seen;
She's on the trot from morn to night
and busy as a bee,
And there's 'eaps of wounded Tommies
bless that V. A. D.

She's the lightest 'and at dressin's and
she polishes the floor,
She feeds Bill Smith who'll never never
use 'is 'ands no more;
And we're all of us supporters of the
harristocracy
'Cos our weary days are lightened by
that V. A. D.

And when the War is over, some knight
or belted earl,
What's survived from killin' Germans,
will take 'er for 'is girl;
They'll go and see the pictures and
then 'ave shrimps and tea;
'E's a lucky man as gets 'er—and don't
I wish 'twas me!

AUTOCRACY OF GERMANY.

There is only one master of the nation. That is I, and I shall not abide any other.
German Emperor, May 4, 1891.

When the late Professor Freeman said that a nation might still be in bondage though in possession of all the outward forms of freedom, he must have had in mind some such country as Prussia. There all the male inhabitants on reaching the age of twenty-five are entitled to vote in the election of delegates of the Lower House of the Landtag or Legislature; but the majority of the recipients of

the suffrage receive through their enfranchisement neither power nor privilege. This arises from a unique method of voting, which renders Prussia proof against all the assaults of democracy. That is achieved by separating voters into three classes—a division which is made by taking the aggregate amount of the State taxes in each electoral district and dividing it into three equal parts. The first third

is paid by the highest taxpayers, the second third by the next highest, and the last third by the rest of the contributories. A tri-partite division having thus been made, the three classes elect the members of an Electoral College, which chooses the delegates of the Lower House. The thoroughly unrepresentative character of this proceeding becomes apparent when it is remembered that as regards the Electoral College some 260,000 wealthy taxpayers choose one-third, 870,000 taxpayers another third, and 6,500,000 the last third.

The result is that the 6,500,000 who stand for the great mass of the people are not represented at all, being outnumbered by a two-thirds majority. It is indeed conceivable that the whole of the tax included in the first class might in a particular district be paid by a single rich voter. In order to make this remarkable State arrangement perfectly clear, a concrete instance may be taken in respect of the Town Council of a great city where the principle just described is in operation though on a smaller scale. In Berlin, for example, not long before the war there were 931 voters of the first class, who paid 27,914,593 marks of the aggregate tax; 32,131 voters of the second group, who contributed 27,908,776 marks of the total liability; and 357,345 voters of the third category, who were responsible for 16,165,501 marks of the entire sum.

Of the representatives returned, one-third was chosen by the 931 voters, another third by the 32,131, and the last third by the 357,345. The outcome is that the business of the capital, with upwards of two million inhabitants, is in the hands of 33,062 citizens (the first and second classes together), who elected two-thirds of the Town Councillors. In Düsseldorf, to take another example, there were 62,443 voters at the election of Town Coun-

cillors in 1910. The first class included 797 voters, the second 6,645, and the third 55,001. The result is that the 7,442 voters (the first and second classes combined) are in control of the civic government by a majority of two-thirds.

It may now be interesting to examine briefly the constitution of the Prussian Legislature and the character of its membership. The Landtag is composed of two Chambers—the Abgeordnetenhaus or Chamber of Delegates, described as the Lower House, and the Herrenhaus or House of Lords, which may be called the Upper Chamber.

In the Lower House there are 443 members, among whom are 19 manufacturers, 10 merchants, seven labor men, and one bank director—that is to say, 37 delegates in all to speak for the commercial, mechanical, industrial and working-class interests of Prussia. The Upper Chamber, which is not elective, includes princes of the blood royal, descendants of the families of Hohenzollern-Hechingen and Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, chiefs of the territorial nobility, and burgomasters of the more important towns. There are also an indefinite number of persons nominated by the Emperor for life or for a limited period, with a contingent of those university professors whose teaching has made Germany the most materialistic and agnostic country in the world, and Berlin the most immoral and licentious capital in Europe. In this House of Lords, which is little else than a select Chamber packed with courtiers of the War Lord, there were recently among its 327 members three bankers, eight spokesmen of the mercantile and industrial classes, and one mechanic—that is, 12 altogether, or less than 4 per cent to represent the financial, business and working-class concerns of the country. The executive government of Prussia is in the

hands of a Ministry of State, whose members are appointed by the Emperor and hold office at his pleasure without any responsibility to the Landtag.

In Bavaria there is in its Upper Chamber no representative of the industrial world at all, while in its Lower House, with 163 members, only 29 can be regarded as tribunes of the people. In Würtemberg there are three industrials among the fifty-one members of its Upper Chamber, while in its Lower House there are 17 representatives of trade among the 63 members. The Upper Chamber in Baden has 37 members, of whom six are industrials, while its Lower House, with 73 members, has 23 exponents of industry.

What has been said specially respecting the condition of political inequality existing in Prussia, Bavaria, Würtemberg and Baden may be taken as applicable practically to all those other divisions or states which in 1870-71 William I and Bismarck Prussianized into what is now the German Empire. That Empire has two Houses —the Bundesrat or Upper Chamber, and the Reichstag or Lower House. The Upper Chamber, which sits in secret, consists of 58 delegates chosen by and representing the governors of the different States. Its members, who have no discretionary power, vote simply as instructed by their State Governments. The Reichstag is elected by universal suffrage in districts where the voting takes place in the manner already explained. All members of the Bundesrat, including the Chancellor, who is also Prime Minister of Prussia, may speak in the Reichstag. But it is important to note that neither the Chancellor nor any other executive officer is responsible to that body. He cannot be removed by the vote of the Reichstag, from among whose members the Ministers of the Emperor are hardly ever chosen.

No freedom can be said to exist in a community to whom its rulers are not responsible. Yet for years before the British public had realized what miscreants the apostles of *Kultur* were, Germany was persistently held up by doctrinaires as a country whose institutions were models to be copied. The constitutional practice of Great Britain really furnishes no key to an understanding of the political ways of Germany. In England, for instance, when a Prime Minister is defeated or turned out of office he generally goes into Opposition and becomes a useful critic of the new Government. But no such thing occurs in Germany. There when a Chancellor or Prime Minister is dismissed he completely disappears. From the time when Bethmann-Hollweg made his notorious "scrap of paper" statement he filled the eye not only of Germany but of Europe. He might well have been regarded as having become an indispensable statesman. Since the advent, however, of Michaelis nothing has been heard of him beyond what was casually stated the other day in an Amsterdam telegram that he was going to Munich to study art!

In no democratic country is there any parallel to the position held and the personal power exercised by William II, who asserts that his commission to govern is derived from the Almighty. He never tires of proclaiming, what indeed is the fact, that he is answerable to no Cabinet, no Minister, and no people. Opposition to the will of this imperious master, with his notions of Divine Right, promptly brought dismissal for Bismarck, who had for years successfully directed the ship of State. In "dropping the pilot" and feigning regret at the loss of a tried public servant, the War Lord declared in unmistakable terms that "the course remained the same—full steam ahead." As the supreme ruler of Prussia—

where aggressive war has ever been the chief industry—the Emperor has always entertained a notion cherished by Frederick the Great that it is an important part of his mission to extend his dominions. "My duty," he said in March, 1890, "is to increase

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my heritage. Those who try to interfere with my task I shall crush." Believing with Pericles that "it is ever by taking the greatest risks that the highest rewards are secured," he has now made through blood and iron a desperate throw for universal empire.

M. T. F.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mary Webb follows her powerful study of Welsh life, "The Golden Arrow," by another of even deeper passion and poignancy. "Gone to Earth" is the story of an ignorant, simple-hearted young girl whose gypsy-mother is long since dead, and whose father—bee-keeper, coffin-maker and harper—takes no responsibility for his child. Hazel's devotion is lavished on outdoor creatures, and her pet fox plays an important part in the plot. The girl's wild beauty draws the desire of a low-lived squire of the neighborhood and the love of the young minister—a dreamer and idealist of rare temper—and their alternating ascendancy over her undisciplined spirit can only result in tragedy. "She wanted neither. Her passion, no less intense, was for freedom, for the wood-track, for green places where soft feet scudded and eager eyes peered out and adventurous lives were lived up in the tree-tops, down in the moss." As in the earlier book, there is an unnecessary insistence on the facts of physical life, but one feels that the author's purpose is sincere and above reproach, and her talent is certainly remarkable. The reader who falls under the spell of the book will read it from cover to cover with tense and painful interest, and then turn back to linger over passages whose beauty he noted even in his haste. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Christine," with its touching preface in which "Alice Cholmondeley" explains why these letters from her daughter have been kept private for nearly three years, produces so strong an impression of reality that only the publishers' avowal on the "jacket" convinces one that it is fiction. The letters are written from Germany during the spring and summer of 1914 by a young girl of extraordinary gifts who has gone there, alone, for lessons on the violin, and who becomes betrothed to a German lieutenant, and the last is dated August 6th. They give vivid glimpses of the feeling among ordinary, middle-class people, in musical circles, and among the military, as seen by an observer, young, generous-hearted, and at the outset sympathetic. They are brilliantly written, with flashes of keen wit, but to many readers their greatest charm will be the daughter's love for her mother, which is exquisitely revealed. The book is not one to be read only; it will be owned and cherished. The Macmillan Co.

The first volume of "The Journal of Leo Tolstoi," covering the period from the 3d of October, 1895, to the 20th of December, 1899, is published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York. The translation, by Rose Strunsky, is as much a labor of love as the original compilation by V. G. Chertkov, Tolstoi's intimate

friend and literary executor. To both, Tolstoi was an object of near-idolatry, and every word that he wrote was precious. That many of the entries in these journals were trivial does not matter, for the reader has the inalienable privilege of skipping what does not interest him. But, taken together, they constitute an intimate autobiography of one of the most unique characters of his time—a reformer and philosopher who was sometimes in advance of the most progressive of his countrymen, and sometimes behind them, but who never hesitated to accept the consequences of his conclusions and who was never unwilling to abandon any course of thought or action when new light came to him. The selections from the Journals are supplemented by very full explanatory notes, and by a short but illuminating sketch of this period of Tolstoi's life.

Readers of Maxim Gorky's "My Childhood" will not easily forget its vivid portrayal of the conditions amid which the author's early days were spent, up to the time when, in his seventeenth year, his grandfather threw him out of the house to find his fortune in the great but cruel world. What he found and how he fared there is told in grim detail in the second volume of the autobiography, called "In the World" (The Century Co.). As fascinating as the most poignant fiction, but far better worth while is this intimate narrative which depicts Russian peasant life from the inside. The grandfather reappears, and is not less repulsive than before; but the grandmother is a more attractive figure, though she, too, has her faults. Varied are the adventures of the boy, and acute the hardships through which he passes, and he describes them all with a graphic realism which conveys to the reader the sense of actually witnessing a human drama, deeply tinged with tragedy.

The publication of Mr. K. K. Kawakami's "Japan in World Politics" (The Macmillan Co.) is particularly timely now when a Japanese mission is in the United States for the purpose of removing misunderstandings, and bringing the two countries into a closer alliance. And it is especially worth while because the author—a native Japanese for twenty years resident in the United States, who retains his love for his native country, blended with a patriotic loyalty to American institutions—is capable of comprehending both the Japanese and the American points of view, and of interpreting the one country to the other with more than ordinary candor. Many readers have the habit of "skipping" prefaces, but they would do well to forego that practice in the present instance, for an understanding of Mr. Kawakami's motives and purposes will illuminate his reasoning and his statement of facts. The fundamental problems which he considers are the immigration question, the anti-Japanese legislation in the Pacific-coast States, and the Chinese question. These he discusses with the same force and fairness which were shown in his earlier books on "American-Japanese Relations" and "Asia at the Door." His book is valuable not merely as a contribution to present-day history, but as an aid to a clearer comprehension of issues which are only temporarily in the background, and which will certainly emerge with an insistent demand for adjustment after the present war is over. Happily, both Japan and China are at present allies of the United States, and this circumstance should promote a clearer mutual understanding, in spite of all the mischief-makers, East and West. In the meantime, the present volume is to be commended to the consideration of all fair-minded Americans.